

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

MARCH 13, 1937

WHO'S WHO

DAVID GORDON enters this week upon the Catholic scene. A Saul of Tarsus, he now becomes a modern Paul. His undergraduate studies were brilliantly completed at the University of Pennsylvania. He then merited a post-graduate degree in etymology at Harvard University. He has written much for non-religious radical magazines; he now becomes a radical writer for radical AMERICA. A few years ago, he found that the Judaism, in which he was born and reared, did not satisfy his spiritual aspirations. He became a Quaker, then an Episcopalian. Finally, a few months ago, he became acquainted with the true Christ and the Virgin Mother, and is now enthusiastically a Catholic. . . . OWEN B. MCGUIRE, a former seminary professor of the Rochester diocese, is one of our best advisors on the Spanish situation. He lived in Spain through some twelve years, knew everyone and everything. . . . MARGARET LEAMY, intimate with all the Irish literary celebrities, came to the United States about twenty-five years ago, god-mothered Joyce and Aline Kilmer and their children, and is well-known to American Catholic authors. . . . NORBERT ENGELS is professor of literature at Notre Dame University. . . . MAURICE C. FIELDS, a Negro poet nearing twenty, is our discovery. BLANCHE MARY KELLY, author of *The Well of English*, returns, happily to poetry. HELENE MULLINS has published *Earthbound* and other books. PATRICIA O'NEIL is columnist of the *Providence Visitor*, and MARIE LUHRS is a New York free-lance poet.

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COMMENT

AN OPEN LETTER to His Excellency, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, after pondering his address on the evening of March 4:

Dear Mr. President:

With due respect for the high office held by Your Excellency, yet exercising that freedom of speech not yet prohibited in our country, we presume to request that you tell us plainly what authority you wish—*now*. More than twenty times we have rearranged through Amendments the framework of this Government. That course may again be necessary.

But it seems that you demand power—*now*. The country is facing a crisis, you say, which demands action—*now*. It may be so. But we cannot give you power over night. We cannot give you power by tolerating usurpation, or by condoning disrespect to the courts. There is a mandate on you and on us alike, imposed by the Constitution. We can give more power only through an Amendment. Submit your Amendment, and if we agree that it is good, what you ask will be granted.

You have repeatedly expressed your faith in the people, your devotion to democracy. You told us tonight that in three elections during the last five years "great majorities" have approved your policies. You never listed among your policies a dislike of courts which disagree with you, a dislike which, we regret to say, is shared by all dictators. But let that pass. Granting "the great majorities" of which you are confident, an Amendment could be adopted in six months. That is not *now*, but it will be in time for the present Congress to make use of it.

Frankly, Mr. President, your speech of March 4 fills us with profound uneasiness.

What are we to have, Mr. President? An appeal to the people through an Amendment as prescribed by the Constitution? Or assumption of power and a Fascist dictatorship?

— — —

"THE GOVERNMENT of Madrid, at present in Valencia, is not a lawful Government." Thus speaks the man in Spain best qualified to judge of constitutional issues. This man is Gil Robles, leader of *Acción Popular*, the party which polled the greatest number of votes both in the 1933 and in the 1936 elections.

Writing for the *London Universe*, Gil Robles states:

"A Government may be lawful in its origin, or lawful in its exercise of power. Under a democratic regime, the former implies that the Government is the expression of the people's will. The second demands that the Government act for the common good, and with due respect for conscience and the legitimate liberty of the citizens. The Government

of Valencia satisfies neither of these demands.

"In its origin it is not a legitimate Government.

"In the elections of February, 1936, the victory belonged to the Rights by a majority of 400,000 votes over the Lefts. The Lefts, by brute force, with the help of the police, seized the ballots of the constituencies of Coruña, Pontevedra, Lugo, Cáceres, Cordova and Seville, and altered them in their own favor. In this way they managed to get a small majority in Parliament. The first act of this majority was to annul, totally or in part, the elections in Granada, Cuenca, Salamanca and Burgos, so that the Leftists obtained a fictitious majority, enabling them to form a Government which was illegal from its very origin.

"In the exercise of power it is not a legitimate Government.

"From the assumption of office in February, 1936, to the outbreak of the revolution, the Government of the *Frente Popular* was responsible for the following crimes: the burning of 84 churches, 4 newspaper offices, 36 political centers, and 92 private houses of persons of the Right. It killed 256 persons and injured more than 1,000. It seized without indemnification 300 private properties and closed more than 800 Catholic institutions. . . .

"Since the beginning of the military uprising, the Government has murdered, or permitted the murder of, hundreds of thousands of defenseless citizens; has burned thousands of churches, has violated tombs and sacred vessels, has killed children and violated women, has destroyed artistic treasures and, in brief, has committed such acts of unspeakable horror that I am sure, when the hideous truth becomes fully known, the voice of the whole of mankind will cry out against and condemn those responsible for this greatest of disasters.

"Who will dare to say that a Government which commits or permits such acts is a Government legitimate in the exercise of its power?

"If, therefore, every claim of legitimacy is lacking in the Government of Valencia, it cannot be said that the military uprising is a rebellion, but rather that it is a case of lawful resistance to oppression."

So speaks Gil Robles. He is not a Fascist. He is a thorough Republican, and both he and his party, *Acción Popular*, have always acted strictly in accord with the democratic system.

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AND NOW, as we close the presses on the preceding quotations from Gil Robles, we open the *Commonweal* for March 5. Much as we deplore controversy with our contemporary, we are left no choice. We are forced to express immediately our complete disagreement with the *Commonweal*. The

editorial note, page 511, almost clearly confesses ignorance of the facts in the Spanish conflict, and very clearly betrays a lack of comprehension of the issues involved in Spain. The article, *European Catholics and Spain*, page 516, by Barbara Barclay Carter, is one of the most subtly misconceived papers we have read on the Spanish situation. From false, distorted assumptions, Mrs. Carter deduces hostility to the Spanish Nationalists and consequent sympathy with the Spanish Communistic regime.

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AMERICA and all intelligent Catholic papers in the United States have insisted in even stronger terms than Mrs. Carter employs, that the Spanish civil war is not "a holy war," is not "a Catholic crusade." It is a civil war, in which Spanish patriots fight against a Communist aggression. Again, AMERICA and the American Catholic press have repeatedly deplored "inhumanities" and "atrocities" charged against the Nationalists. Again, AMERICA and American Catholic periodicals deplore the barbarity of war and protest vehemently against war. Mrs. Carter throws us all on the other side, and then hurls at us quotations from French and a few English periodicals. These quotations are maliciously, we suspect, arranged in a context that conceals their honest purport. On examination they will be found *not* to support the explicit declarations of Mrs. Carter. The most woeful misinterpretation, however, regards the attitude of the Vatican. What Pope Pius said on September 14, what the *Osservatore Romano* declared on September 18, do *not* mean what the contributor to the *Commonweal* implies that they mean. Nor does she honestly state the present diplomatic relations between the Vatican and the Valencia and the Burgos Governments. Mrs. Carter, even though approved by the *Commonweal*, is not a sure authority on Catholic moral theology. We shall return to this article in further comment for we believe that it muddles the issues in Spain.

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SAD pictures of undernourished boys and girls slaving in factory, sweat-shop and field have been responsible in part for the hysteria among many civic organizations for endorsement of the Child-Labor legislation. The evident objective is to stam-pede the States into ratifying the amendment. Investigation by dispassionate observers is revealing how utterly untenable is the stand that child-labor is even a problem in the country. If by any chance it should be in a few isolated places, it is not such that it requires a Federal measure. Foremost among the offending States cited is South Carolina. To obtain first-hand information on the situation in that State the New York State Economic Council dispatched a special field representative to make an exhaustive research. The report now in the hands of the Council shows that except for nine isolated cases the observer found no child-labor whatever in South Carolina. Mills and factories were visited, in which but two under-age boys were employed. Some three or four children were found

working on farms, some two or three were employed as newsboys or bootblacks. The remarks of President Hart of the Economic Council are quite pertinent: "The report shows conclusively that all claim in favor of the ratification of the control-of-youth amendment because of child-labor falls to the ground. It leaves the amendment standing out starkly as a Federal seizure of power."

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ON Balmoral Beach, Sydney, Australia there still stands the beautiful amphitheatre built a few years ago by the Order of the Star of the East, a congregation of Theosophists, who expected to witness in it the Second Coming of the Messiah, scheduled to make his approach across Sydney Harbor. The Messiah, it will be remembered, was to have been the young Indian, Krishna Murti, whom the Theosophists had sent to London to be educated, and who once visited the United States under the auspices of Theosophist Annie Besant. When the time was at hand, Krishna Murti calmly announced that, although he had a divine message for the world, he had no intention of making his entrance into the world in the temple provided for him by the Order of the East, and that he was also averse to walking across Sydney Harbor. The Order was then disbanded and the temple fell into disuse. It has been purchased recently by the Australian Catholic Association, donated to a Catholic Convent in charge of the Ladies of the Grail.

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THE Lenten Pastorals of the Irish Bishops are a barometer of the country's condition and a register of the forces that militate against Christian life. Their authors, in addition to their Divinely constituted function as teachers in the realm of faith and morals, are in intimate touch with the life of the people. Knowing the tactics of the Communists we need not be surprised that the menace of Communism is recognized, though the number of avowed Communists are few in number in the Free State. In Ireland as elsewhere, while the term Communist has a determinate signification, all are "Fascists" who oppose themselves to Moscow. His Eminence, Cardinal MacRory, devotes most of his Pastoral to the menace of Communism. The tragedy of Spain and its causes are trenchantly dealt with in most of the letters, while a timely warning is issued against the propagation of unholy, subversive doctrines in Ireland, often under the camouflage of patriotism. Bishop Cohalan of Cork gives a striking review of the Church's doctrine and life in the teeth of prevailing world conditions. The Bishop of Ross regrets that in so-called Christian countries, not excluding Ireland, no real attempt has so far been made to meet the pressing needs of the hour by the practical application of the Papal Encyclicals. The Bishop of Waterford, deprecating the numerous industrial troubles, looks anxiously for a co-operative society. As this latter, however, can only successfully come about from a growth within society itself, governmental industrial courts for arbitration should meanwhile be established.

THE SIT-DOWN STRIKE HARMFUL TO THE UNION

Comrade Blakely sells out to the capitalists

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

SOME twenty years ago I was elected a member of the I.W.W. The abbreviation may be interpreted "The Industrial Workers of the World," or, with ribaldry, "I Won't Work." Application for membership was made in my behalf by a gentleman in jail in Denver at the time on a charge, I believe, of sabotage. Unfortunately, I cannot find the record in my files; but while the record is not of importance, the reason given for my election may be, in view of these reflections, of some interest. "The way you write in AMERICA about capital and capitalism," wrote my prisoner, "and the way I hear that you talk about capitalists convinces me that you are a Jesuit in name only. You are not a Catholic, you are one of us, and you are doing good work, Comrade Blakely."

I omit most of the adjectives. This is a magazine of general circulation.

Thus twenty years ago, I was told that I was no Catholic, but a person fit for membership in the I.W.W. because of the judgments I expressed on the crimes and shortcomings of the capitalistic system in this country. A few weeks ago I offered some reflections on the sit-down strike at Flint, basing my views on the general principle that rights must be respected wherever they exist. The times at once began to change, and to bring me new names. The burden of the mail which the patient Editor has been receiving these days is to the effect that I am not Bully Bottom the weaver at all, but Pyramus; that pretending to be a Catholic I am really a sordid and sodden capitalist, quoting the Encyclicals of the Popes to hide my fell design of selling out the wage-earner.

These letters are some of the things that keep monotony far from the life of the Catholic editor. But let us examine the indictment.

First, what is a strike?

In its broadest sense, a strike is any considerable voluntary cessation of work in a given industry. In a more technical sense, a strike is an *organized* cessation of work by a large number of employees for the purpose of obtaining the consent of the employer to stated demands. A strike may be general, or sympathetic; or it may be particular, that is, practically confined to one industry, and engineered by the industry's employees for a definite

purpose. The sit-down strike is of this kind; hence the other types need not be considered.

Now the strike both in its broadest and in its technical sense is, given certain conditions, justifiable. The conditions which justify the strike are (a) a just cause, (b) a cause proportional to the gravity of the effects of the strike, and, (c) the use of lawful means in conducting the strike.

It seems to me that in the strike at Flint the first and second conditions were present. Certainly the workers suffered from frightful grievances, and they had fair reason to conclude that the good effects of the strike would outweigh the hardships which they, the owners, and the public, would be forced to put up with. But I do not think the third condition, which prescribes the use of lawful means only, was found in the sit-down strike at Flint, and I submit my reasons.

In his Labor Encyclical Leo XIII clearly recognizes that a strike may be lawful. But the whole tenor of that document forbids violence. Let me quote the passage which immediately precedes the paragraph in which the Pope speaks of strikes:

.... If all may justly strive to better their condition, neither justice nor the common good allows any individual to *seize upon what belongs to another*, or, under the futile and shallow pretext of equality, to *lay violent hands on other people's possessions*. Most true it is that by far the larger part of the workers prefer to better themselves by honest labor rather than by doing any wrong to others. But there are not a few who are imbued with evil principles and eager for revolutionary change, whose main purpose is to stir up disorder and incite their fellows to acts of violence. The authority of the State should intervene to put restraint upon such firebrands, to save the worker from being led astray by their maneuvers, and to protect lawful owners from spoliation. (*Italics inserted.*)

Ten years later (January 18, 1901) in the Encyclical on *Christian Democracy* Leo XIII gave a special admonition to the clergy and to "all who are zealous in the people's cause to instil into the souls of the masses" five things. Of these the first two are "to beware of sedition and of seditious persons, wherever found," and "to hold inviolate the rights of everyone."

We now come to another Pontiff. On December 18, 1903, Pius X issued a *Motu Proprio* commonly

styled *On Christian Social Action* in which he laid down nineteen Propositions or Regulations. I quote the fifth.

The obligations of the poor and of the worker are these: to perform wholly and faithfully the work which has been freely and equitably agreed upon; *not to injure masters in their property or persons; to abstain from acts of violence, even in the defense of their own rights, and never to turn their demands into disturbances.* (Italics inserted.)

This, writes the Pope, is the doctrine of the Encyclical of Leo XIII on Labor.

Now with all deference to the judgment of those better qualified than myself to discuss this matter, I hold that according to these Papal instructions, the sit-down strike is *unlawful*.

1. The sit-down strike, as it was exemplified at Flint, necessarily involved violence, and therefore the use of improper means.

"Violence" does not necessarily mean that the employe lays in wait for the employer, and goes to work on him with a club or a gun. Any invasion of a right may be construed as violence. Hence the very intrusion of the strikers upon the property of the General Motors Corporation, against the will of the Corporation, was violence. "Neither justice nor the common good allows any individual to seize upon what belongs to another," Leo XIII writes, or "to lay violent hands upon other people's possessions." But that, precisely, is what the strikers at Flint did.

2. In the next place, they set equally at naught the admonition of Pius X, "to abstain from acts of violence, even in the defense of their own rights, and never to turn their demands into disturbances."

"Violence" of one sort, I have already shown; the forcible trespass upon the premises of the Corporation. There was violence of a graver kind in the wanton destruction of the property which the Corporation had stored in the buildings occupied.

3. I now come to what in my judgment is an even more serious form of violence. I refer to the brazen and sustained contempt of the court which after giving the strikers a full hearing, ordered them to withdraw. The mind and purpose of these misguided men is clear from their contemptuous language and their defiant attitude. They flatly refused to obey, and armed themselves against the officers of the law. If this is not violence, and turning "a demand into a disturbance," words have no meaning. The demand was turned, in fact, into a country-wide disturbance. Within a few days, we had the same disrespect for the courts and defiance of legitimate authority by sit-down strikers in Los Angeles, where, however, the law was vindicated, and at Waukegan; while in New York, Connecticut and New Jersey threats of defiance were issued by C.I.O. organizers.

We now take up a singular pair of claims, put forward to legitimate the sit-down strike.

1. The strikers did not invade the property of the Corporation. For many years the Corporation had been paying less than a living wage. Therefore, the property did not belong to the Corporation, but to the workers.

To this I answer in the words of Pius XI found

in the Encyclical *On the Reconstruction of the Social Order*. "It is false to contend that the right of ownership and its proper use are bounded by the same limits; and it is even less true that the very misuse, or even the non-use, of ownership destroys or forfeits the right itself." (Italics inserted.)

Granting, then, that the Corporation had failed to pay a living wage, it forfeited no right of ownership over its property.

2. In the present state of affairs, runs the second claim, labor and capital are at war, but it is an uneven war. Hence to approximate a balance of power, labor is justified in adopting methods so dramatic that they will draw the attention of all to labor's plight, and by arousing public opinion give labor proper protection through legislation.

Now there can be no doubt that the civil authority in the Federal and local Governments has been shockingly remiss in its duty to the worker. But two wrongs do not make a right. The essential morality of the means used by labor in conducting a strike is not altered by the fact that the State has failed in its duty to labor. If the strikers instead of sitting down to destroy what property was at hand, had blown up the whole plant with dynamite, they would certainly have attracted the attention of the public. But I do not suppose that dynamiting and murder will be condoned by right thinking people. I do not see how we can escape from the conclusion that labor, with all its real grievances, and however just its cause, must not be permitted to use unlawful means in conducting a strike.

4. Perhaps a third claim is not presented seriously, but I state it. "The sit-down strikers were justified in defending their own property, namely their jobs." But even conceding a property right in a job, the sit-down strikers had no job, and therefore no property to defend. That they had no job is clear from the terms of the treaty which provided that their jobs be given back to them.

During the last twenty-eight years, expositions of practically every phase of the Labor Encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI have been offered in this Review both editorially and in articles. Our aim has been to present faithfully the mind of the Church. While we undoubtedly have been at fault at times either in statement of fact or in judgment, it cannot be truthfully said that we have been at pains to criticize labor unions and the wage-earner. We have no tie with capitalism, good or bad, but we have a close tie with the worker, a deep sympathy with him, and above all we have that passionate desire to defend the least of his rights which befits every lover of the oppressed.

But we have never defended labor when we felt that labor was wrong. We deem it no service to labor to help it perpetuate error or injustice. We are convinced that the sacred cause of labor cannot tolerate leaders who in the words of Leo XIII "stir up disorder and incite their fellows to violence." We shall defend rights wherever we find them, and we deem that man no friend of labor who calls for the approbation of silence when labor fights for a good cause with weapons forged by unjust means.

THE IRISH LIVE ON UNQUENCHABLE IN SPIRIT

Greetings and thoughts for next Wednesday

MARGARET LEAMY

THE CLOTHES on him wouldn't have fetched a thin dime from an "I cash clo's" man in New York. His shoes were nondescript; his trousers patched beyond imagination; his shirt, open at the throat, was clean but frayed. His hat, which he would have called a "caubeen", was battered out of all shape except that of his own personality.

His eyes were as blue as the Mediterranean in sunlight. His face was lined as ribbed sea sand. He was leading a goat.

"Good mornin' to ye, Ma'am," he said, doffing his hat.

"Good morning," I said.

And we both stopped.

"It's a fine day," I said.

"A fine day 'tis indeed," he agreed, adding, "Thanks be to God."

I didn't know what to say then. The sky was blue with drifting clouds. There was scent of peat smoke in the air. And he and I were alone on a winding Irish road, with hills to the right and a little brook to the left. A bit along was a boreen winding its way to a thatched cottage: his home.

"You're a stranger to these parts," he said, packing plug tobacco in an old, stumpy, clay pipe.

"Yes and no," I said. "Like yourself I'm Irish. But I've been away. I'm just back visiting."

"You're from America, mebbe," he said, striking a match on the seat of his pants.

I admitted it.

"Shure 'tis a great country I do be hearin'. I've a sister there. She's married. She's happy. But the streets, och, the streets, there's no gold in 'em."

"No," I said. "I'm afraid there's no gold, except for the few."

He drew on his pipe. "Gold," he said, and spat while the goat tugged at the rope leash. "Gold. 'Tis a delusion and a snare. I wouldn't give you a pot of it for a kind thought in a kind heart."

He took the pipe out of his mouth, and smiled a semi-toothless smile that somehow was as refreshing as a cool wind in a wood on a hot summer's day.

"God be with ye," he said. He gave a pull at the rope in his hand. "I must be on me way."

"God be with you," I said.

He took off his hat with a gesture that reminded

me of stories of the grandees of Spain. I stood watching him. He was old. As regards wealth he was poor. Yet about him there was a something—an intangible something.

Two nights later I was in London talking to a friend whose mother was English. I talked to her of Ireland. And as I talked I suddenly knew what that intangibility was. The old man was a goat-herd, or whatever you want to call him. In addition he was a true descendant of one of the oldest aristocracies in the world—the pure Celt. The intangibility was the indomitable, unconquerable spirit of the Irish. And I fell to thinking.

I thought of ancient Ireland, the island of saints and scholars. In my mind's eye I could see the green land, and the blue waters, and the men from distant places coming to study and to learn. They were young men, and old men, and some of them were very wise. But it was to Ireland they came to sit at the feet of those greater than they.

And I thought of heroes like Finn MacCoull, and Conn of the Thousand Battles. And I thought of the Kings of Ireland, Ulster and Munster and Leinster and Connaught, and the high throne at Tara.

I saw through dimming eyes the invading hordes under Cromwell swarming and pillaging, conquering yet never conquering. For the body can be slain but the spirit of a race can be indomitable. And I visioned all the bloody attempts of an alien power to crush that spirit.

They were sad thoughts, and they were proud thoughts. Often the two are as close together as laughter and tears. I was sad at the memory of misery and bloodshed. I was proud that against all odds the spirit of the Irish could not be downed.

There were the days of the great emigration to all parts of the world: the toil-worn, old people bidding good-bye to stalwart sons and daughters. There were the days, down to this very time, when the names of those same sons and daughters, or their descendants, flashed across the pages of history like bright new stars in the skies.

Today the roster of Irish achievement in both hemispheres is a long and imposing one. There is another, far longer, far greater: that of the unsung, the comparatively unknown Irish who in distant countries carried the Faith and the spirit of the

old land and preserved its cultural tradition.

I am minded of an anecdote my husband used to tell of an incident that occurred to him some thirty-odd years ago.

He was visiting the then little village of Puerto Orotavo in Tenerife, one of the Canary Islands. He had traveled overland from Vera Cruz in a rickety horse-drawn vehicle, a journey that took the better part of two days.

The following morning he set out to look over the little town which, for economy, on moonlit nights never lit the kerosene street lamps. It was

a lovely, sleepy place with the breakers of the wide Atlantic beating an eternal tattoo on the mole. The most imposing building was the Catholic church, a magnificent edifice.

He entered it with a companion. They came across a small chapel. It was dedicated to St. Patrick. Two stone slabs in the floor marked the resting places of the architect and the builder of the church. Both were Irishmen.

Their names have been forgotten. But the spirit of those two, and the spirit of the Irish wherever they be, lives on, unquenchable, unconquerable.

TRUTH TRICKLES IN ABOUT SPANISH DEMOCRACY

Propaganda cannot forever conceal the facts

OWEN B. McGUIRE

AT last we are beginning to get truth in the news from Spain. While in the past I have had to criticize with some severity the New York *Times* for the bias manifested by some of its "shirt-tail" commentators and contributors, it must in justice be conceded that more recently we owe the great journal a debt of gratitude. On February 22, it carried three uncensored dispatches whose contents will be a revelation to those of its readers who—if there be any such—believed that the governments at Madrid, Barcelona and Valencia represented Spanish Liberalism and Democracy, while all opposed to these were Fascists, Monarchists or Reactionaries of other types. These dispatches, however, but confirm what has for months been appearing from independent correspondents in some of the great English journals, notably the London *Times* whose foreign news is the most reliable in Europe.

The dispatch which interested me most personally was the one from Paris. I had not known what had become of my friend, Dr. Marañón, except that he had to fly for his life from Madrid. The *Times* correspondent has now interviewed him in Paris. Dr. Marañón was not a politician in the ordinary sense of the word; but no man in Spain enjoyed so great prestige. Like Menéndez y Pelayo, he is something of an intellectual phenomenon—great orator, man-of-letters, critic in art and literature, and in both medicine and surgery the foremost authority in Spain. For the consolation of such informants of

the public as Leland Stowe and Albin C. Johnstone, I should perhaps, add that Dr. Marañón is not a Catholic. He was a Liberal of the Liberals and a Republican of the Republicans, and was both before the fall of the Monarchy. It was in fact in his house that the change of regime took place; and the last time I saw him (in 1933) he received me in the room where the representatives of the King and those of the Republic met on April 14, 1931, when it was decided that the King must get out that very night. In December of that year he could have been the first President of the Republic had he consented to accept the office. Thereafter, in every Cabinet crisis he was called into consultation by the President, to advise how the crisis should be solved. Like other Liberals, many of them Catholics such as Zamora and Maura, he believed sincerely that a Democratic Republic respecting the rights of all "ideologies" would bring peace and prosperity to Spain. Before the fall of the Monarchy he had written: "While there is a Monarchy, the majority of Spaniards will be Monarchists; come a Republic, and the vast majority will be Republicans." What does he say now, though he undoubtedly still believes the second part of his prophecy? Do the Liberals and Republicans who brought in the Republic still rule in Spain?

"I was deceived," he says in the Paris interview; "with the exception of a few who favor Communism all the intellectuals of Spain have had to flee

for their lives. . . . I resisted the Dictator and was imprisoned, but the tyranny of Primo de Rivera was just and tolerant compared to the oppression under the Madrid-Valencia regime. . . . Every day they are still killing men and women simply because they are suspected of having independent opinions. . . . France is full of exiled Liberals and Republicans."

Asked what position Liberals should take in the civil war he gave an answer which should be pondered by some Catholics, who, writing to the daily press, seem to think that the war is a kind of Spanish dog fight, in which one side is as bad or as good as the other, "Today there is no middle ground; and besides, Franco's victory is now certain." As a matter of fact, not one of the parties that made up the so-called Popular Front ever believed in Democracy or majority rule, and this can be easily proved by their avowed declarations before the war commenced. But apart entirely from its causes it has been perfectly evident since last July that it is a conflict, in the words of the Cardinal Primate, "between Christ and anti-Christ, between civilization and communistic chaos."

On the same day, the *Times* had an uncensored dispatch from Barcelona. It reveals the following:

1. A few thousand Anarchists, *pistoleros*, rule the city.

2. In October this band of assassins boasted officially they had done to death 3,000 unidentified persons, in November, 5,400—and so it has gone on ever since. These same atrocities were reported and described in detail at that time by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., writing in *Liberty* and by Horace W. Abrams, photographer for the Keystone View Company.

3. Señor Companys, nominal President of the Generalitat (the autonomous government), is a prisoner in the Bishop's Palace and must do as he is told. This corresponds exactly with what the President of the Anarchist-Syndicalist group stated last October (who is also Editor of their press organ, *Solidaridad Obrera*): "We simply make the decrees and pass them to the President for his signature."

4. The article explains what was a puzzle in the military situation. Seven months ago an army, evidently the best part of the Leftist combination, marched out of Barcelona to capture Zaragoza. Daily we were told that the city would fall within a few days. Then came a profound and prolonged silence, and for months the "victorious patriot army" has not advanced an inch. Today's dispatch gives the reason: "For seven months the Catalan troops have been content to look at Huesca (on the way to Zaragoza) from a distance of two miles . . . but there is now no doubt that both among the troops at the front and among the vast majority of the population the preference has swung over to a Franco government in place of this chaos."

5. "President" Azaña is a prisoner in the monastery at Montserrat, unsafe in Barcelona. When the Powers were deliberating on non-intervention and it appeared advisable to the Caballero government to put on a mask of "Democracy" and "Re-

publicanism," Azaña was brought to Valencia, allowed to make a speech there to be read at London and Paris, and then he was promptly sent back to Montserrat (on a mountain top three hours from Barcelona). The Russian Ambassador resumed his office as dictator at Valencia. This dispatch of today explains how much influence and freedom is allowed the "President of the Republic": "Azaña speaks of the Spanish Republic to his visitors. . . . Possibly he means a Republic he imagines, for he does not govern. When last month he collected 165,000 pesetas for his salary, *Solidaridad Obrera*, the Anarchists' official newspaper, invited him menacingly to pay most of it over for public relief; and he obeyed." Such is the Republic for which the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy has been passing around the tin boxes.

Mr. Carney's dispatch from Gibraltar (New York *Times*, February 22) is equally illuminating, on the other side. He has collected his information on the ground and from the British authorities. From these sources it appears:

1. Italians and Germans in all Spain, on Franco's side, do not number more than 16,000.

2. They are far outnumbered by the international battalions of the Madrid-Valencia Government.

3. Even in December that Government admitted that these foreigners in its service numbered 20,000. They are mostly French and Russian.

4. In the Spanish territory adjacent to Gibraltar there is perfect peace and order and even business prosperity. No one is molested.

5. American citizens who had fled to Gibraltar to seek refuge are returning to Marbella, Malaga and other places now occupied by the National forces.

6. British subjects at Gibraltar do not conceal their sympathy with Franco and believe that only the victory of the Nationalist forces can save Spain from Communism and chaos.

One word I would like to add about Azaña. I know Azaña. I have read his book, and I have read his speeches in and out of Parliament. He has been spoken of as "the strong man of the Republic." Azaña is a man of consuming pride and unbridled ambition. More than any other man in Spain he is responsible for defeating the democratic Republic which was promised to the people and which Liberal Catholics and non-Catholics worked for and believed possible. He is a man who always believed in cruelty applied to his opponents, but from which he would cravenly shrink if applied to himself. He is, in a word, an intellectual bully, but physically a craven coward. That may seem a paradox; but the combination is often found in the same individual. It is the opinion held of Azaña even by his friends; and I venture this prophecy: If the time comes, and it seems to be coming, when he will have to face the responsibility for his treachery to the Republic of Dr. Marañón, Zamora, Lerroux, Maura, Alvarez (whom he allowed to be assassinated under his eyes in Madrid, without raising a finger to save the old man who gave him his first chance in public life), he will cower like the craven he is and either try flight or beg for mercy.

JESUS CHRIST VERSUS RELIGION

A Paul looks at the modern world

DAVID GORDON

THE WRITER of this is one convert who is not afraid to avow that we converts have special access to certain gifts which are not, in the ordinary course of grace, available to those born within the Holy Fold. There are other and equal gifts which are the specific perquisite of the born Catholic and to which it is almost impossible that we converts shall attain. These latter are most luminously presented, perhaps, in the exquisite essays of Mauriac recalling in measured Gallic cadence childhood memories of First Communions. But how shall Mauriac and his born brethren know of the thrill of escaping from inadequate theophanies? How shall one habituated to miracle experience the Resurrection feeling of Lazarus?

We are soberly informed by the fathers that Saint Isidore the Ploughman was helped over a rocky furrow by the push of an angelic hand. It was all a matter of course to the saintly chronicler. Just so the convert, from the highest calibre of Newman to the lowest calibre of myself, is startled into the knowledge that miracle is a normal method of God's operation: that the usufructs of Confession and Communion are recurrent examples of *creatio ex nihilo*: that all non-Catholic religiosity, Christian and non-Christian, is miracle-and-water: supererogatory attempts to rationalize and psychologize the process of Grace which is the essence of the process of life. Acceptance of Christ and of His Church is acceptance of something which the natural *ego* cannot possibly accept; it is the execution of a miracle, not by the acceptor, but by Christ.

The Renaissance, it now becomes evident, was nothing else but an effort of sin-ridden man to adulterate the stream of Grace with pagan humanism. God is too good to be credible in his purity to fallen man. So Pico della Mirandola came along during the Renaissance to mitigate the fiery potion of the free Grace of Christ the Giver with an alien admixture of Platonism. The dreary and deadly last end of this was the Mary-Baker-Eddyism of recent decades which calls itself Christian Science and strives to heal the wound of life with the sugary pill of psychologism. (And along came Freud!) This sugar pill gives temporary relief to suburban ladies with gas on their stomachs; and when the temporary relief passes off, the last end of the good

ladies, it is sad to narrate, is even worse than their first.

The Reformation too was an attempt to convert the Divine society which is our Church into a more rational and more humane society. The sins of evil cardinals were to be corrected by human reorganization. The Reformers could not understand that Christ's seamless robe cannot be actually soiled from the stains of the lost sheep gathered within His arms.

At last came the horrifying débacle: circa 1793, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity as a substitute for Divine miracle; circa 1850, Matthew Arnold's queasy Sweetness and Light; and circa 1917, Lenin's Classless Society. And these poisonous adulterants have left the ship of European civilization upon which we are all passengers riding today's fearful gale.

Too numerous are the bastard false salvations: Professor Bertrand Russell and his Free Man's Worship; Professor Babbitt and his grim and unworkable humanism; Professor Freud and his crazy inventions; Professor John Strachey, the British Marxist gent and his Economism—and that most malodorous of all the serums: the Religion of Beauty.

So we cry with Saint Peter: "To whom shall we go, Lord? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

We are beginning to realize at last that it is not atheism which is Christ's most redoubtable enemy and that it is not agnosticism—but General Religion. Antichrist's name is not There-Is-No-God, but *literally* Anti-Christ: Religion without the Divine Second Person; the costless faith in secular nobility. But our Faith is Faith in a Person, One who came that we might have life and have it more abundantly. We believe in Christ the Word, *Verbum Caro*, the Word made flesh. And this Word is He Who reveals to us by an entirely miraculous method the story of the Fall. Now we know that we, children of the Fall, cannot possibly be redeemed from our native tendency to doom by our own efforts. The futility of our self-glorifying methodology is made plain. We collapse to our knees and ask for God's miracle which, according to promise, is never refused to the humble.

Surely John of the Cross has taught us that.

Credo quia impossibile. We believe because it is impossible. Only those of us who have been brought to the ultimate shriek of despair with futile attempts at self-cure will take the shuddering plunge which is required for a true belief in the Incarnation. It is with a bitter herb that we are last made whole: and which of us shall abide it? The proud gentleman stuffed to the throat with learning and cynicism and system is brought before the Cross—and he refuses it.

Here we have the crux: true humility is the bitterest of all things to accept. So the secularists give us instead more palatable condiments: Comte's *humanité*, Goethe's *Aufklärung*. But Christ is not an *Aufklärung*, He is no kind of mechanical enlightenment. He is the Mysterious Man. To come unto Him is a reckless plunge into the Divine Darkness: a heroism impossible to the unshriven.

Then to some of us, He the Word, out of pure voluntarism, stretches forth His hand and saves us *by miracle* just as we are about to turn back and He nails us to His cross and on this cross our self-justifying black blood is shed out of us drop by drop against our resistance and we see the light of the new birth dawning unto us in single rays.

None of us—no one—can ever explain to the outsider this process of our election. There are no words for it.

And, as we look back upon the world, we see it from the detached eminence of Golgotha as a stream, the stream of history, rushing and swirling to perdition. Caught within this stream of lost souls are all the would-be healers, self-elected engineers who would arrest the rush to ruin and create a stagnant stream of Marxist well-being wherein each man should have a fat government job in a classless society. Nothing would be left to chance (or the hand of God). Life would be *planned* to allow the maximum personal liberty to each citizen.

And the religion of this utopia? Do not suppose for a moment that the luxury of religion would be left out of this paradise. The state religion would be—Tolerance. "The religion of all good men is the same," said the *encyclopédiste*. Of course it is, and, since men are born good in the state of nature (*L'homme est né libre*. Rousseau) each man would be allowed to find and delimit his own creedless creed at the age of puberty.

This state religion would be a religion of Feeling (*heilige Sehnsucht*) modeled after Fichte and the German Kantians; it would be a religion of Liberty, modeled after the English broad-churchmen; and a religion of Cleanliness and physical well-being along the lines of the Bernarr Macfadden revelation. Only one thing will not be tolerated: essential Catholic Christianity.

Now we see. It is not that all the painless religiosities of the world are supersessions of Catholic Christianity: they are direct antagonists. The follower of Christ must take up the battle against the shining Briticist world that appears before his eyes. No compromise is possible. It is an Either-Or. It is ourselves with Michael, our Captain, against their hosts headed by grinning Lucifer. And we,

the henchmen of Michael, always lose the battle. In the world we have tribulation and are led relentlessly to Golgotha: but we are of good cheer because we see above us in the heavens One Who, for us, has overcome the world.

Now what is it about this brave new world that I have satirically outlined above which makes it so revolting? Is it not its mechanicalism? There's the rub: all religions except Christ pure and undefiled are Christianity mechanized and made more manageable to fallen humanist man. Mechanized means humanized, and humanized means psychologized, and psychologized means animalized. For the human animal reaches its highest felicity in the mental analysis of matter and the mental manipulation of tools.

The Renaissance introduced into Christianity the poison of Greek intellectualism and humanism. Then came the Reformation bringing, together with the needful cry for the reform of clerical abuses, the adulterant of Luther's marriage and Calvin's logic. The end of all this was the Religion Which Makes You Feel Good, as practised in the cathedrals of liberal Christianity.

The name of our Enemy is Ideology. Christ comes into the world and offers us the repellent medicine of the Cross which shall bring us salvation. Antichrist offers instead the all-day sucker of emotionalized ideology, which leads to misery here and perdition hereafter. The Hitler-state and the Stalin-state are incorporated ideologies. They are the twin faces of the diabolic abstractions *Rass-und-Klass*, and their unconscious progenitor on earth was the Presbyterian Woodrow Wilson and his battle-cries of "the new freedom" and "national autonomy." The ideologic molasses of Rousseau hardened into the cake of Robespierre the Butcher. The "scientific" sugar of Marx jelled into the clammy hell of Stalin. The delicious nationalized Christianity of Fichte is realized in Hitler. All the horrors on earth are the fruitage of Christless religions.

Ideologies, in our day—even materialistic Marxism, even D. H. Lawrence sex-worship—call themselves "Religion." When we get down to the various brands of New Thought and water-down Christianity, the atmosphere of putrescent religiosity with which they have surrounded themselves becomes positively oppressive. It is like incense in a slaughter-house. With this profane holocaust, Christ the Person—He Whom we call Lord—will have no commerce. He will, in the unminced words of the Apostle, spew them out of his mouth. There is for us who are of Christ no living together in the world with those whose aim is to bring more human content to men by the expedient of reconceiving the world. They are the tinkers; we are the people of the Great Surrender. They look for the Co-operative Commonwealth; we look for His Kingdom which is not of this world. Their ultimates are not our ultimates. They pant after a rosy ephoria and a "religion accommodated to modern thought"; we aim to hunger and thirst after righteousness and we know that such righteousness can dwell in a Christian heart.

WITH SCRIP AND STAFF

THINGS SAID AND UNSAID IN "THE WINGLESS VICTORY"

ON the same evening a Pilgrim and a Hermit attended a performance of Maxwell Anderson's *The Wingless Victory*. A Puritan there present spied the unwitting Pilgrim, and wondered what the latter might be saying to the Hermit. So here is some of it.

To refresh your memory, read Elizabeth Jordan in *AMERICA* for January 23. "The problems of the play," says Miss Jordan, "are those of race prejudice and bigotry, and the Malayan princess must learn that there is no spot on this earth where she and her white husband can live in peace with their neighbors. . . . It is a tragic entertainment, unrelieved by one moment of hope. But it gives Miss Cornell some magnificent scenes in which, I think, she rises to the greatest heights of her career."

The Wingless Victory is not an historical drama but a special type of conflict set in a given place and time (Salem, Mass., the year 1800), which will most suitably illustrate a conflict between narrow prejudice and exalted love.

I agree with what the characters tellingly proclaim, that the conflict is needless and inane. In an exceptional instance like this, with Oparre's pathetic anxiety to comply, there is not even a threat against the narrowest interpretation of established customs and modes, still less against any rational concept of a settled society. Wisdom, not to speak of ordinary charity, finds a place in all schemes of life for occasional exceptions, save to the universal law of God. Nat McQueston, like a Christian and a gentleman, abundantly satisfied the universal law of God by his honorable conduct in marrying Oparre.

Through the superb acting of Miss Cornell with her gifted companions, the author perfectly conveys this lesson. But the manner in which he stages the conflict suggests another idea which is far from being true: the idea that the tragic issue of this conflict is a reflection on Christianity itself. This suggestion is quite plainly reinforced by scattered wisecracks, evidently relished by the audience.

There is no hint that these Puritans who behaved so abominably to Nat McQueston were themselves the descendants of apostates from the Universal Church and of rebels against genuine Christian authority.

In the name of private judgment they had rejected the Redeemer's mysterious and gracious plan to delegate to man His own spiritual authority through the instrumentality of His Church. They had ridiculed the See of Peter in the interests of a fierce racial nationalism. Their pride breathes in the writings of Gibbon, Greene, Charles Kingsley

and countless other creators and followers of a false historical tradition. They had torn the liturgy, the Sacraments, the abiding Eucharistic Presence itself out of the heart of Christendom in the name of their own wilful interpretation of the Scriptures. Driving the priest from the altar, they set up the preacher. The physician of souls, to whom was entrusted the healing medicine of Christ, became the dispenser of his own private medicine and earned thereby the contemptuous title given him in the play.

By their assault on the central unity of Catholicism they destroyed the basis of human fellowship contained in the catholicity of the Universal Church. Their narrowness was no accident, it was the fruit of their supposed "liberation."

A misleading suggestion might be conveyed if the spectators were not intelligent enough to recognize that the social "vacuum" in which Nathaniel and his bride find themselves obliged to live is a good deal of an artistic convention, devised to stage the conflict, and not so much of an historical reality.

Virtuous Cotton Mather did write in his diary in 1706 that he looked upon the gift of a slave to him as a singular blessing and "a mighty smile from Heaven upon his family." Nevertheless, shortly after 1767 representatives from Salem were instructed to forbid the importation of slaves into Massachusetts as "repugnant to the natural rights of mankind," which shows some sort of humanity in them. In other seaport towns not far from Salem there were plenty of humane and kindly people about 1800. And Heavens, what a different reception would have met the young couple if they had gone to some Catholic port, especially in the Spanish and Portuguese Americas!

The complement of this stark tragedy would be another drama, even more gripping, which would show how the teachings of Christ, when not distorted by passion and pride, triumph over prejudice.

Only this morning I saw a germ or a hint of such a drama. At the finish of Maxwell Anderson's play I had left the Princess' little daughter, Durian, dead from hemlock poison upon the cabin floor of *The Wingless Victory*. Today I saw her resurrected. She was at the altar rail, and the Body and Blood of Christ were laid upon her tongue. Yes; the same child: the same "Malay" eyes, the same straight hair, the same complexion and lithe figure, the same artless expression, save for an added glance of quiet triumph and joy. True, her Oriental strain was from China, not from Celebes. But as the lifeless form of Durian witnessed to the inhumanity of a caricatured Christianity, so the living face of little Frances Da Silva Tang witnessed to the timeless victory of a living Faith. THE PILGRIM.

THE PRICE OF FREEDOM

FOR some years the Supreme Court has functioned well in defending the people against oppressive legislation. It wiped off the books the Oregon law which suppressed all private schools. It forbade Huey Long's Louisiana law for the suppression of a free press. It came to the defense of a parcel of ignorant Negroes in Alabama, and asserted that their rights were as sacred as the rights of the President of the United States. It checked the delegation of power running riot which under the N. R. A. made the dictum of a non-legislative official Federal law and the citizen his subject or a prisoner.

In the Ten Amendments we find a series of rights with which the Federal Government is forbidden to interfere. Congress may make no law, for instance, interfering with the free exercise of religion. It may not abridge freedom of speech or of assembly. It may deprive no person of life, liberty or property without due process of law.

No despot has ever asked the people to give him power so that he may use it against them. The wolf has always persuaded the flock that he was a stronger guardian than the watch-dog. The speeches of Stalin, Hitler and Cardenas are full of protestations of love of liberty and of devotion to the people's interests. Of lip service to liberty, we have much, but of real love, little.

Now let us suppose that in 1947 a President orders his servile Congress to register a decree for the better protection of his people. Catholics have been protesting against the Totalitarian State, and have been joined by the non-Catholic groups. The President finds that he cannot conveniently carry out his plans for social and economic reform against this opposition. Hence this girding and carping must be stopped by obliging all clergymen to be licensed by the Federal Government. According to the conduct of the clergyman, the license will be renewed or canceled, like a radio license, every six months. A sycophantic Congress, hungry for patronage, registers the decree, and on the ground that an emergency exists a Supreme Court appointed for the purpose upholds its constitutionality. The President has not interfered with religion. He has merely interfered with those who interfere with his policies.

In this case we shall have no redress, except in an appeal to the President's clemency. But appeals of that sort do not sit well on an American stomach.

It will be said that this can never happen in the United States. But it happened, in principle, in Louisiana, where Huey Long issued orders to the legislature, the courts and the Governor, and enforced them. Fifteen years ago it would have been said that Huey Long could not happen because he was incompatible with the American form of government. He was incompatible, certainly. But he happened.

The President's speech of March 4, with its attack on the Supreme Court, is a plain warning.

The price of freedom is eternal vigilance.

EDITOR

JOSEPH AND PATRICK

THIS week brings us the memory of two great Saints. We wish there were a Saint Joseph on earth today, and we could do with a dozen Saint Patricks, but the best we can hope for is Catholics who have caught their spirit. Saint Joseph is Patron of the Universal Church, a sufficiently inclusive title, but Saint Patrick is far more than Patron of Ireland and the Irish. He is the patron of all men who love God and liberty next to God. May Saint Joseph teach us the sweetness of living with Jesus! May Saint Patrick touch us with the flame that enkindled his apostolic heart!

RATIONAL STEEL

WHEN the Carnegie-Illinois Steel Company and the organizing committee for the steel workers, headed by Philip Murray, signed the agreement of March 2, a devastating labor war was averted. Much has been gained, but we hope for more. Now that the steel barons for the first time in their long and checkered career have condescended to treat with a freely organized union, we have hopes for the most backward of our industrial Bourbons. The real significance of the agreement is, as it seems to us, that the union has at last managed to make the steel corporation aware of its existence. We hope that the agreement will be observed in all good faith by both parties, so that industrialists may at last learn that arbitration is not only an easier but a far cheaper way of settling labor disputes than spies, secret police, machine guns and war.

Until March 1, 1938, when the agreement terminates, the steel corporation will recognize the union as the collective bargaining agency for its own members only. As in the settlement with the General Motors Corporation, the corporation agrees not to interfere with the right of employees to join the union, and pledges itself not to discriminate against employees who exercise this right. The union in turn promises not to solicit members by intimidation or coercion, or to solicit at all on plant property or in corporation time. The General Motors Corporation specifically reserved the right to treat with other groups among its employees, a reservation which suggests that the Corporation will

NINE JUSTICES

THE Constitution does not fix the number of Justices of the Supreme Court. It is not so well known, perhaps, that it nowhere specifically empowers Congress to fix the number. Chief Justice Goss, of Nebraska, has suggested an Amendment to stabilize the number at nine. The Amendment has this much to recommend it: it would bar tampering with the Court by an interested Congress or by a President who might wish to adopt the advice of Governor LaFollette and appoint Justices with the specific purpose of controlling judicial decisions. The proposal deserves serious consideration.

AL STEEL BARONS

also feel itself free to foster the company-union plan. A similar reservation has been made by the Carnegie-Illinois Company, and its employee-representation plan will be retained. This insistence by the corporations may be only a face-saving gesture. But it may also mean that while they yield for the present, they still yearn for the old discredited methods.

Long experience of corporation perversity has not completely destroyed our optimism, and we still hope that brighter days will soon dawn upon this our dark economic scene. Yet that very experience warns us against the trustful spirit which often leads to disappointment and ruin. Only a few days before the steel barons signed the agreement, the publication of a significant book, *The Economics of the Iron and Steel Industry*, was announced. The book contains the results of a study extending over three years, financed by the Brookings Institution, the Maurice and Laura Falk Foundation and the University of Pittsburgh. Its authors, professors of economics in various universities, are frankly skeptical about the willingness of the industry to allow the workers to organize, unless the workers can marshal a show of power strong enough to convince the industry that opposition would be futile. If any trace of that spirit remains in the industry, the agreement of March 2 may be only a scrap of paper.

We share that skepticism. But we pray God that results of this agreement will soon prove that our skepticism is wholly unjustified.

IT seems to us that in his letter to Bishop Gibbons, of Albany, His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes, has hit squarely upon the central evil of the alleged Child-Labor Amendment. The Amendment may be legitimately attacked upon many grounds. It contains not one word which refers specifically to the child, and granting that its purpose is to rescue the child from labor that is morally or physically harmful, we are faced by the undeniable fact that there is very little labor of this kind in the United States. Child labor has steadily decreased for the last fifty years. What remains could be stamped out over night by local officials mindful of their duty. The problem is not of such magnitude as to call for an addition to the fundamental law of the land. Tinkering with the Constitution is always a poor business.

But when all this is said, we come to the main objection which not only Catholics, but millions of Americans, irrespective of religious affiliation have recognized, and now deeply fear. That objection is the unlimited powers over 45,000,000 young Americans vested in Congress by an Amendment which even some of its friends, the *New York Times*, for instance, admit is too loosely drawn. Rightly does the Cardinal describe these powers as "excessively broad"; and rightly does he warn us that "the surrender of these broad powers over the lives of children to a remote agency at Washington would contravene the principles of our form of government, and seriously endanger the rights of parents."

That these dangers are recognized by the more enlightened of the Amendment's supporters is evident from the very answers which they give to the central objection stressed by the Cardinal. We are told, for example, that Congress will exercise these powers wisely, will probably use few of them, and that it will never proceed to extreme measures. In other words, we are asked to confer powers the extent of which cannot be measured, much less foreseen in their manipulation by interested blocs, and then to trust that somehow these powers will never be abused.

We think it will be admitted that no one can possibly foretell what Congress will do or will not do for all future time, or even next year. But this is certain: propagandist groups do not ask for power, nor do men, which they do not intend to use. Power is asked only because action is desired. If it be true that Congress will never use the full authority which the Amendment authorizes it to use, then that authority should not be given. If it was never intended to permit Congress to use this authority to the full, then explicit limitations should be clearly expressed in the terms of the Amendment. But we must not be asked, and that in the name of good government and social reform, to give to Congress unnecessary authority, or authority which Congress does not intend to use. We must not give Congress an opportunity to go to the limit in regulating the lives of 45,000,000 young

Americans, and to justify its conduct by pointing to the amendment.

Grave peril not only to constitutional government but to our substantial liberties lies in this loose talk of confidence in the Government. Governments are best restrained by granting that authority only which is necessary for the common good, and by always demanding guarantees, such as those found in the Ten Amendments, against abuse. The measure of the evil which may flow from any cession of power by the people is the sum of all evils which may be extorted from it by a malignant enemy of the people.

When we speak of government let us remember that in practice governments are administered by men subject to every evil influence that may hamper or corrupt the humblest citizen. To turn over to Congress, or in the words of Cardinal Hayes, "to a remote agency at Washington," powers so broad and inclusive that no man can catalogue or even know them, in the hope that Congress will never abuse them, is simply to invite corruption and tyranny.

PROHIBITION AGAIN?

ONE of the popular weeklies has been investigating the drinking habits of the American student. How scientifically the inquisition was conducted, we have no means of knowing, but the decision reached is somewhat disappointing. As a drinker the American student is said to differ in no important respect from the average citizen. Unfortunately the habits of the average citizen are not described.

Back in the riotous days of Prohibition, it used to be said that whoever inspected the statistics could find in them whatever he wanted to find. We greatly fear that statistics on drinking and intemperance are still a mirror in which the beholder sees a reflection of his wishes. For the last six months statistics, charts and cartoons have been published in increasing numbers by both "Drys" and "Wets," but the only conclusions we can draw from them is that the printing business ought to be prosperous, and that Prohibition is still a topic for discussion.

Last week the embattled Prohibitionists held a convention, in Florida, if we mistake not, to consider ways and means. The remnants of the Old Guard were present, and the roster recalled the stirring days when they all but ruled this Government. Obscure as they now are, they may yet come out upon the field eager for victory, and with a fair chance of winning it. The very prospect of a return to Prohibition is enough to fill the most blithe-hearted with gloom. Yet, unless we deal more intelligently with the liquor problem, there is danger that it may return.

As we have noted repeatedly, the laws regulating the liquor traffic, and still more their enforcement, are sadly inadequate in many States. As long as liquor is viewed primarily as a source of State revenue, no plan however wise in other respects

can be considered adequate. States, more than individuals, are inclined to close one eye, if the gesture means cash in the pocket-book. When neighborhood food-shops drive a thriving trade in whiskey, and our largest retail sales of hard liquors are found in department stores, it seems to us that this traffic is finding a popularity that is dangerous.

PASSION SUNDAY

WITH Passion Sunday, the most solemn days in the holy season of Lent are at hand. The Church begins the Commemoration of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ. The Preface of the Holy Cross, one of the most beautiful in the treasury of the Church's liturgy, is now said, and as in Masses for the Dead the Psalm *Judica* and the *Gloria Patri* are omitted. The Gospels appointed for the Masses refer to the plotting of the Jews against Our Lord, and to His sufferings. A purple veil covers the crucifix upon the altar in reference, as some have thought, to the words which end the Gospel for Passion Sunday: "Jesus hid Himself and went out of the temple." By every means at her disposal the Church strives to turn our minds and our hearts to our suffering Saviour, and she bids us unite ourselves with Him more intimately in the closing days of Lent.

Perhaps at this time it may be profitable for us to review the past weeks and to ask how we can prepare ourselves fittingly to stand with Our Lord on Calvary, and then to rejoice with Him in His glorious Resurrection. If we suffer with Him, Saint Paul reminds us, we shall conquer with Him. Does not the great Apostle of the Gentiles who knew so well the Heart of his Master, here strike the keynote of the Christian's life? All of us suffer, for that is the common lot of the children of men. But we make that suffering void unless we suffer *with* Him.

To suffer with Christ means to take all that comes to us in life in the spirit of submission to God's will. Our Blessed Lord knew perfectly that the Will of His Father meant for Him humiliation, His Passion and a bitter death. How keenly He recognized it we see from His prayer in the Garden. In His human nature, He shrank from the thought of the Passion, yet His will as man was perfectly in accord with the Will of his Father. "Thy Will be done," is among the sublime petitions in the prayer which He taught us. In our weakness and our blindness we so often fail to understand that what to human nature seems a bitter cross is in reality a loving embrace by which our Heavenly Father draws us closer to Himself.

Perhaps we cannot observe the penitential precepts of Lent, but we can all strive to unite our wills with God's Will and to bear our sufferings if not with joy at least with patience made possible by God's grace. In looking upon Our Lord in His sufferings, in following Him to Calvary, in standing humbly near Magdalen as we gaze up into His Sacred Face we shall find the strength we sorely need.

CHRONICLE

THE WORLD STAGE. A meeting of the Congregation of Rites to examine the miracles proposed for the canonization of the Polish Jesuit, Blessed Andrew Bobola, will be held in the Pope's private apartments March 16. The Holy Father intends to preside. Pope Pius attributes his improvement in health to the protection of the Little Flower, St. Theresa of the Infant Jesus. . . . Communist and Government troops were fraternizing in Shensi Province, China. . . . Canada entered a new three-year trade agreement with Great Britain. The agreement leaves the door open for an extension of the Dominion's recent trade treaty with the United States. . . . The United States Ambassador to Mexico, Josephus Daniels, again publicly praised the atheistic Mexican educational program. Pope Pius named Bishop Luis Maria Martinez, of Michoacan, to be Archbishop of Mexico City, in place of the late Archbishop Pascual Diaz. By executive decree, President Cárdenas made himself dictator of the petroleum industry. . . . In India, the Congress (independence) party won majorities in six of India's eleven provinces. Reports that Mohandas K. Gandhi, the former "Mahatma," will again become active in Indian affairs were spread. . . . A forthcoming pact of friendship among Afghanistan, Iran, Iraq and Turkey was heralded. . . . Premier Aberhart, of Alberta, admitted he had failed to establish Social Credit in Alberta in the eighteen-month time limit he promised. . . . The new Polish Government party was baptized "The Camp of National Unity" party. . . . The League of Nations reported that four nations—the British Commonwealth, the United States, France and the Netherlands—control over sixty per cent of the world's important raw materials. . . . A Japanese legislator proposed that Japan approach the Netherlands with an offer to lease Dutch New Guinea. . . . The first international conference on economic cooperation since the breakdown of the World Economic Conference in London in 1933 convened in The Hague. . . . Mexico announced she will continue to aid the Reds in Spain in spite of the international embargo.

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AT HOME. The Senate passed the Trade Pacts bill extending until June 12, 1940 the powers of the President to make trade agreements with foreign nations. An attempt to bring the agreements under the category of treaties subject to Senate ratification was defeated. . . . Former naval officer, John Farnsworth, was convicted of peace-time espionage, given from four to twelve years imprisonment. He was accused of receiving money from Japanese naval officers for betraying United States naval secrets. . . . The Senate passed and the President signed the Sumners-McCarran Supreme Court bill, permitting Supreme Court Justices to retire

at the age of seventy with full pay. . . . President Manuel Quezon of the Philippine Commonwealth lunched with the President and later attended a Cabinet meeting. . . . President Roosevelt forwarded to all Governors a proposed model law to compel farmers to preserve the soil. . . . A new gold rush in Alaska attracted seasoned sourdoughs. . . . The Supreme Court by a five-to-four decision ruled that the Congressional emergency resolution of June 1933 abrogating payments in gold also invalidated contracts providing for payment in gold bullion. . . . The Governors of New York, Minnesota, Illinois, Wisconsin, Massachusetts and Rhode Island informed President Roosevelt their States could not bear the relief load which would be imposed on them by proposed cuts in WPA employment. A meeting between the Governors and the President was arranged. . . . President Roosevelt recommended to Congress passage of legislation to replace the Costigan-Jones Sugar Act which expires at the end of this year. . . . The House passed nine flood-control bills. . . . The Securities and Exchange Commission warned American investors that Germany has a huge floating debt of unknown proportions. . . . The President's special committee which has been studying the substance and administration of the National Industrial Recovery Act submitted its report. The President dispatched it to Congress, with the declaration "it will point the way to the solution of many vexing problems of legislation and administration in one of the most vital subjects of national concern." The President intimated to his press conference he was anxious for legislation along NRA lines at this session of Congress. The report of the committee declared the NRA had definite advantages as an emergency measure. It lessened child labor, raised wages, increased employment, aided in public realization of the right of collective bargaining. On the other hand, the report continued, a lack of proper planning vitiated the NRA. There was too much speed in the setting up of code systems, tardiness in establishment of policies, improper delegation of power to subordinates and to code authorities, insufficiency of standards. The committee reported that the NRA was directed principally to symptoms rather than causes, and warned that a permanent policy with respect to depressions should be aimed at basic causes, not merely at symptoms. . . . Since its formation in 1901, the United Steel Corporation has refused to treat with outside unions. The sudden change in policy of this sternest foe of independent labor unions ushered in a new era in relations between capital and labor in the United States. The Carnegie-Illinois Steel Co., major subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation, entered into an agreement with representatives of a branch union of the C.I.O. The Carnegie-Illinois Steel Co. recog-

nized the union as a bargaining agency for its employe members, granted a wage increase, the eight-hour day, the forty-hour week and other concessions. The revolutionary break with tradition on the part of "Big Steel" was preceded by conversations between Myron C. Taylor, chairman of the board of the United States Steel Corporation, and both President Roosevelt and John L. Lewis. . . . The Pittman Neutrality Bill was adopted by the Senate. The Bill imposes a "cash and carry" policy for trade with belligerents and other proposals to prevent the United States from involvement in foreign wars. It gives little discretionary power to the President. The House has its own McReynolds neutrality resolution, expected to be debated soon. It reposes in the President wider discretionary powers.

SPAIN. Outlying parts of Toledo near the Alcazar were stormed by Leftist troops. How far the Leftists were able to penetrate was difficult to determine from the conflicting reports issued. . . . Little or no change occurred in the lines around Madrid. There was considerable fighting in the University City section on the northwestern edge of the city. A lull came over the Jarama River front, with both sides digging in. . . . The Leftist drive on Oviedo appeared to have been at least temporarily stopped. Dissension in the Leftist ranks between the ultra-Red Asturian miners and the Basque Nationalists was given as the cause of the bogging down of this attack. President Jauregui, President of the Basque Defense Council, recently visited Saint-Jean-de-Luz, France, where General Franco has an unofficial consulate. The Reds interpreted the visit as an effort of the Basques to dicker for a separate treaty with Franco. . . . The first ambassador to the Franco regime arrived in Salamanca from Italy and was accredited to the Nationalist Government.

GERMANY. Negotiations for a new Franco-German trade agreement were begun in Berlin. . . . Wilhelm Frick, Minister of the Interior, forbade criticism of Hitler in the Protestant Church election. . . . From Giuseppe Motta, President of the Swiss Federal Council, came word that Chancellor Hitler had promised to respect Swiss neutrality. . . . The Foreign Exchange Control Office decreed that foreign securities could be bought and sold only with its permission, unless they were sold to the Reichsbank. The purpose of the decree is to enable the Reichsbank to purchase the securities at its own price and sell them abroad for desperately-needed cash. . . . The Nazi project of expropriating Church lands was brought into the open when Hans Kerrl, Minister for Church Affairs, threatened "compulsory measures" will be taken if religious organizations do not share their land. . . . The Hitler regime, seeing in the world's arms race a chance for Germany to regain its position in world trade, prepared a new export drive to sell "for cash instead of kind." . . . Joachim von Ribbentrop, German Ambassador to London, speaking in

Leipzig, called upon mandatory powers to return the former colonies of the Reich.

IRELAND. Estimates for Irish Free State expenditures in the new fiscal year were placed at 29,262,269 pounds sterling. . . . The residence formerly used by the now-abolished Governor General will be converted into a museum of Irish folk lore. Six thousand pounds more than last year will be budgeted for the army. Ireland will spend more than 20,000 pounds in maintaining a Minister and four consulates in the United States, twice the amount spent for representation in England. . . . England has removed the twenty-per-cent tariff on exported Irish horses, but would not change its penal tariffs on Free State cattle and pigs, hoping to collect an amount equivalent to the land-annuity charges withheld by President de Valera. . . . On St. Patrick's day, the Athlone radio station will broadcast an all-Irish program. President de Valera will address the Irish race scattered through the world. At 5 P.M. Irish listeners will hear a trans-Atlantic message from His Eminence, Patrick Cardinal Hayes, of New York.

ITALY. The Fascist Grand Council, with Premier Benito Mussolini presiding, convened in Rome, and reached a number of important decisions. It reverted to the huge rearmament plan of Great Britain by voting the creation of a war machine capable of defending Italy against any adversary. . . . It reaffirmed Italy's solidarity with the Spanish Nationalists. . . . It took steps to achieve economic independence. . . . It grappled with the problem of the declining birth rate and decreed sweeping measures for increasing the population. . . . Fathers of large families will receive priority in employment. Salaries will be fixed for families rather than individuals. Loans enabling couples to marry, State assistance for girls' dowries, were included in the State program. A national Big Families Association will be formed. . . . The Council announced that its decrees would be translated into legislation. . . .

ENGLISH MASKS. Home Secretary, Sir John Simon, announced British factories are producing 100,000 gas masks daily to defend the civil population. A mask for every man, woman and child in the United Kingdom is the objective. The Government announced a plan to aid the depressed regions of South Wales, which came to world attention because of former King Edward's visit there. The plan proposes to attract new industries to the district by means of subsidies and tax relaxations. . . . More information about the huge rearmament scheme by which Britain hopes to overawe Europe was divulged. By 1942 a fleet of twenty-five capital ships, seventy or more cruisers, with hundreds of smaller craft was looked for. The plan calls for an air armada of at least 5300 planes. . . . Foreign Minister Eden denied Britain was considering transfer of British-controlled territory to Germany.

CORRESPONDENCE

COURT AND PRESIDENT

EDITOR: Father Blakely's article, *Young Eyed Cherubins* (February 20), contains some questionable reasoning, disconcerting to those of us Catholics who depend upon AMERICA (and very heavily upon Father Blakely) for weekly examples of accurate and scholarly discussion of current affairs from the Catholic point of view.

1. He refers to "the highest court charged with the stern duty of interpreting the law with finality." Who so charged it? It is a truism of American history that the power of judicial review in the extreme form now wielded by the Court was in itself an interpretation by the Court early in its history of the simple Constitutional provision for a supreme trial court.

2. Father Blakely's discussion of checks and balances itself ignores the evidence, which he says "few will examine." For what is the present check upon the Supreme Court?

3. Father Blakely's demand for a Constitutional Amendment sounds like a Liberty League evasion unworthy of his general acuteness. What is there to amend? The Constitution as it now reads confides explicitly to the Congress and the President the power to do everything which the President is now proposing.

4. Father Blakely's dread of a dictatorship, a President "controlling" both the Congress and the Court, seems more emotional than rationally justified. A rubber-stamp Congress might be, in turn, the wise-cracking way of making the simple statement that both the President and the Congress were elected by a huge majority of voters who responded to certain issues with the unanimity born of crisis.

5. If the President gets the appointment of some new Supreme Court justices, he will pick, as every appointing President has done before him, men sympathetic to his own interpretation of the Constitution. The moment he appoints them he will have no control over their decisions. Let Father Blakely review the history of the court, and decide (a.) what Constitutional or popular mandate gave the Court the supreme legislative reviewing power which is the heart of the issue; (b.) whether since the time of John Marshall there has ever been an effective check or balance applying to the Supreme Court; (c.) whether the supplying of a pragmatic check by the use of the Presidential appointing power and Congressional changes in the size of the Court has been justified in the past, from Adams to Grant and later; and (d.) whether the exercise of this Presidential and Congressional power now, at a time when there has been a persistent difference between popular will repeatedly expressed and Court interpretation, is any less justified

than the exercise of such power has been in the past?

In the light of these considerations, one may still reject the President's proposals. But it would be on the ground of comparative checking and balancing adequacy, not on the fear of unchecked "dictatorship."

Stanford, Calif.

A. J. LYND

EDITOR: Direct criticism of what I actually wrote would be more useful, perhaps, than interesting comment on what I did not write. However I will endeavor to answer what I take to be Mr. Lynd's chief questions.

1. "Who so charged it?" I would refer Mr. Lynd to the second paragraph of Article VI of the Constitution, to sections 1 and 2 of Article III, and to Marshall's exposition in *Marbury v. Madison*. Should he still be disposed to contend that the power of judicial review is simply an "interpretation" by the Supreme Court itself, I suggest that he study the debates of the Constitutional Convention. See also AMERICA, March 6, p. 513.

2. "What is the present check on the Supreme Court?" The check is threefold: first, according to Article VI, the Constitution itself; second, the oath taken by the members of the Court; and, third, the power under the Constitution of the House to impeach and of the Senate to try all impeachments. (Article 1, sections 2 and 3.)

3. It is a simple perversion of fact to write that I "demand a Constitutional Amendment." What I wrote was: "If we wish to reject this system of checks and balances, let it be done after due deliberation by an Amendment to the Constitution, and not by a show of hands some afternoon in a Congress composed almost entirely of the President's party."

4. Among these issues the plan for revising the Supreme Court most certainly was not found. Since Mr. Roosevelt steadfastly refused to mention the plan during the campaign, he cannot regard the vote as an approval of the plan.

5. The "popular will" to which Mr. Lynd appeals is not the election returns but the Constitution, and the courts look to the Constitution alone.

New York, N. Y.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S. J.

EDITOR: Congratulations on the article on the Supreme Court! I have been intending to write you on the many discriminating and sound discussions in AMERICA on constitutional law. Too many of our people seem incapable of understanding that when centralization gains control its first undertaking is to remove the Catholic Church, the only organized obstruction to political mountebanks.

AMERICA is the greatest publication that I see.
Chicago.

THOMAS JAMES NORTON

LITERATURE AND ARTS

THE LIVING DEAD AMONGST THE POETS

NORBERT ENGELS

THE other night I was idly running through the pages of a scrap book which a friend had loaned me. It was a collection of the poems and articles he had published when he was a younger man, before he had developed a recognition of corns, chilblains, kidney stones, rubber legs, streptococcic throat, mid-day fatigue, contract bridge, fallen arches and pains in the back of his neck. It was a collection of wholesome meditations, wit, youngish advice to those still younger, plus some passages of real poetic pondering. But only half the pages are filled with clippings; the other half still wait expectantly. The last entries are dated 1910.

One yellowed news item states that a certain young lady appeared in the Easter parade with a hat of her own contrivance: "It was a waste paper basket elaborately trimmed with two feather dusters, and ear of corn, a miniature suit case, a squash, a pin-cushion resembling a strawberry, a clay turkey, and a lemon." This sensational equipage was rendered poetically by our young friend thus:

No poetic inspiration
Mirrored in the lordly sonnet
E'er enraptures so the nation
As our modern Easter bonnet.

Where is he now, when someone is so much needed to glorify the modern millinery of pancakes and inverted funnels? He is probably sitting in a warm room, bath-robed and slippers, practising bridge hands *solus*, or memorizing the second book of *Paradise Lost*, or wondering if his lichens need watering and whether his stomach would stand for a steak, come dinner time.

Yet twenty-five years ago he was writing poems, not all of which were good; the important thing is that he was writing them; and even though some of them reflect the staidness of the times, they nevertheless indicate that had he continued to write poems he would certainly be writing some very good ones now. I would think that he had a good start when he was writing:

Have you listened in the morning
To the robin giving warning
That the pulse of life is leaping
In the universe of spring?

Has your heart been ever captured
By his music when, enraptured
Of life's joys, he sang his gladness
With the freedom of a king?

One hot summer afternoon—we had just finished an indiscreet but heartily satisfying chicken dinner—we were sitting in his room smoking his cigars and staring stupidly at each other. Foolishly choosing this time to try to shake him out of his poetic sterility, and probably confusing my own logy feeling with that similar one in which I have written most of my own poetry, I suggested that we write a sonnet.

"Good," said he. "What about?"

"About the chicken."

He groaned, but got out some paper and a stubby pencil. "How do we start?"

"Well," I suggested, "we'll take the rime scheme first. You write down at the end of the line a word that is suggested by chicken; then I'll write the second, you the third, and so on. Go ahead."

He stared a while longer, chewing the pencil, then wrote down *egg*. I came back with *neck*. He began thinking again, then put down *leg*; fair enough, I figured, and matched it with *peck*. By the time we had our fourteen end-words his eyes were glassy. Then we decided to fill in the lines, again alternatively. As I remember, his first inspiration ran something like this:

Which came first, the chicken or the egg?

Mine had me stumped for a while, but I was finally able to scribble down:

Which tastes better, the white meat or the neck?

and by the time I had it transcribed and was looking for his next contribution I was becoming conscious of a gently rising and falling sound which gradually increased to a drone, then to a struggling snore. He had groped his way to the bed and was completely out. Poetically, at least, he has remained that way ever since.

Yet I realize a hazard in his becoming productive again; he might suddenly break out in something like this:

Nic Weeley declared there was danger
In the springtime to walk out to Granger;

For the bull-rush is out
And the cowslip's about,
And the little sprigs shoot at the stranger.

and on top of that feel the need to explain that the third and fourth lines are puns, which really sound: "the bull rushes out and the cow slips about." Rather than that I would stuff him and cram him and, as Pompey said,

Let Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his poetry
Even till a Lethe'd dullness.

On the other hand there is the happy chance that he would write more lines like:

The moonlight's gold lies hidden behind Judean hills.

That is not a line from Ned Softly. It is a line from a young man who was interested in poetry to the extent that he memorized the entire *Ode to a Skylark*, who had poetic thoughts and the ability to express them, at least in the fashion of the day, who had a fine classical and philosophical training, who wanted and tried to write poetry and sometimes succeeded, and who suddenly quit. I wonder how many more there are, and how many of the young men who today are trying to write poetry will soon give up. The regret of it is in proportion to their numbers.

I should not think it necessary to the effort that their work get into print, though I would be the first to admit the stimulation which an occasional publication affords. So far as book publication of poetry is concerned we are living in an age which has set an all-time low record for reception. Yet, strangely enough, the poets themselves, as though unaware of this unfortunate condition, are working away as hard as poets ever did, and are in many cases making brilliant contributions. Why, then, cannot other men who have once manifested their desire to write poetry continue to write it in spite of too infrequent acceptances? The writing of poetry in itself can give a personal satisfaction; it adds dignity to one's other work and gives an extra meaning to his life; it recalls to him some of the fine things that otherwise so easily slip away into oblivion.

I believe that the young gentleman under our present observation must have been pleased, must have known a certain glow of satisfaction when he wrote this sestet to a sonnet called *Charity*:

Some day the winds, the fields, the skies, and all
Shall weep for you when celled in silent woe,—
Your ransom to be had by charity.
Ah, then shall God thy grateful deeds recall,
And that which thou hadst given here below
In due proportion He'll return to thee.

I think it must have added a little of dignity and meaning to that particular day of his work; and that by it he convinced himself more than others could hope to convince him of the spiritual value of charity.

There are other things, too, in the scrap book. There are essays on peace, on the French dramatists, on Easter poetry, on Blessed Thomas More before his canonization, on the weird sisters in *Macbeth*, on King Arthur, on education, and on the miracles at Lourdes. There are a few editorials

from the school paper; there are sports' write-ups in wise-cracking enthusiasm. There is a composite picture of Teddy Roosevelt shooting at a gigantic lion; pictures of debating teams and of the athletic heroes of the day. There are more limericks:

A modern philosopher, Dwyer,
Said, 'Horace's name would be higher
On the pillar of fame
If he hadn't the name
Of speaking in tones of a lyre.'

and other whimsical stanzas, such as:

Jack and Jill
Both got a chill
While harvesting their corn crop;
Jack put his feet
Near gas to heat,
And Jill,—she heard his corn pop.

There are acrostics, sentimental ditties, typical varsity verses, and all the trivia to which the college student of that day (and this, for that matter) ordinarily subscribed; all of which, I am sure, our poet could have turned to the fashion of our own day, with a proportionate progress in his poetic thought. He had at least one of the essential ideas of poetry when he wrote, in *To a Poet*:

Sing us a song like the boom of the sea
Whose surges have sung with the dawning of time;
Sing us a song for the ages to be,
And the ages will pardon a lapse in the rime.

Why he stopped writing he refuses to tell me; perhaps he does not know. Was it that some teacher so picked his verse apart, telling him what was wrong that no mention was made of what was right? One of the things that so endeared the late Professor Charles Phillips to his students was that he could always find something nice to say, some word of encouragement, before he started to suggest revisions. He knew, apparently, that no tree is so sensitive to pruning, and yet needs it so much, as the sapling poet. Teachers of other subjects may prefer other means, but the man who tries to teach others how to write poetry must be mighty careful that the bellows with which he fans the flame is not strong enough to blow it out.

Our young poet, twenty-five years ago, tells us that he liked to have people say, "It's great." Would that others had kept on saying it:

What is half so full of meaning as 'It's great'?
Just a bit of English screening, yet—'It's great'
Qualifies your friend and foe,
Tells you all that some folks know;
It's of all things apropos, 'cause 'It's great.'

When you smoke a good cigar, 'Ain't it great?'
When you skive on Hill Street car, 'Ain't it great?'
When you're trudging up a road
Plugging out a Latin ode
Till your brains about explode, 'Ain't it great?'

When you pull well with your teachers, 'Ain't it great?'
When you're rooting on the bleachers, 'Ain't it great?'
When you feel like reading verse,
Don't take mine—there's nothing worse;
Here's a lemon, now don't curse. 'Ain't it great?'

P. S. Just before I made the final draft of this article the gentleman called on me and read it. Before he left, he pounded on the table and said: "I'll show you an ode before the week is out that will knock your hat off." And so, one purpose has already been accomplished.

HOW LONG TILL APRIL?

How long till April?—I have asked my heart:
endlessly grim winter triumphs here;
no crocus blossom springs, no songsters start
reëchoed melody through wine-bright air.
Yearningly my gaze has searched the sky,
reaving the gleaming hieroglyphs of stars,
and found the chill-blue palimpsest to lie,
shattered by signs of planetary wars—
Heart—we must magic springtime of our own,
kindling love's silver flame within the breast—
in phoenix-wise consumed; yet gain a crown
nimbused in fragrance as from roses pressed:

magical flame, in which all Aprils dwell—
fountain to Heaven with its source in hell!
MAURICE C. FIELDS

THE BLOSSOMING

See how this scarlet bud, my heart,
Swells unto bursting in Thy sight,
O bright, inevitable Penetrant
Of its most ancient, awful night.

Thou tender-fingered Sun that stirred
The stubborn seed in its earthy womb,
Fail not its second travail when
The red bud bursts itself to bloom.
PATRICIA O'NEIL

PERFECTA MEA

"See where she walks, immortal Artemis,"
They said, transfixed with awe,
Whose wide and ravished eyes
Above the hill-tops saw
The young moon in her shamefast beauty rise.
Exceeding wise in this:
They called her Huntress and Evader too,
Who could desistlessly pursue,
Blind with one shaft of splendor, turn and flee,
Thenceforth no more to be
Beheld nor captured nor forgot.

So the refulgent gleam
Upon the utmost wave became a dream,
A goddess, child of the uncontaminate sea,
Unengendered, unbegot.

Whence learned they this,
Truth-smitten Greeks, this broken mystery,
To hold in equal dread
The virgin Artemis,
The chaste, the filleted,
And the Uranian mother?

How much they guessed, and yet,
And yet how little knew!
How should they guess that Other,
Virgin and Mother too,
Whose feet upon the hornéd moon are set,
About whose brows are spun
The inviolate stars, whose vesture is the sun?

Who, then, is she?
Nay, who shall make reply?
Who dare enter
The precinct supernal
At whose bright center
She sported and played
Before the Eternal,
Ere yet He had made
The earth or the sky
The stars or the sea?

We dare, for she is ours,
Wherefore we strew with flowers
The way before her certain, steadfast, fleet,
And shining feet.
To us she comes, and has no will to go.
She speaks with human breath
At Lourdes, as once at Nazareth.
The radiance of her grace
They saw, both Gabriel and Angelico.
Scarcely from us would she avert her face
Whose sins remind her by what mystery
A Child was given to virginity.
BLANCHE MARY KELLY

MIRACLE BIRD

Nourished on nought the bird of love still flies,
Still like petals uncurling from the green
Flash his blossoming feathers—still the skies
Are curved with the swift passage of his sheen.
So sharp and cold the rain that stings this bird,
So bare the bough whereon he takes his rest,
Yet neither hunger, pain, nor cold has stirred
One sleek feather of his courageous breast.

His song moves only the unhearing leaves;
It pierces only the black heart of night
With the stars unlit. The bird never grieves—
He swoops to soar; he kindles his own light.
Watching him I am not afraid to die;
He will break gyves to death to rise . . . sing . . . fly.
MARIE LUHERS

GIVE HEED TO THE OLD

Give heed to the old, for they have traveled far,
And the dust of many roads is on their feet.
Absorb their tale of corpse or avatar,
Absorb their tale of conquest or retreat.

Experience has set them many drills.
They know the jagged stones in the vales of grief,
They know the gleam of stars above the hills,
They know how brief is life—how strange and brief.

Give heed to the old within Time's final booth,
Long have they gazed upon and fingered deeply
The looms of life that weave illusion, truth,
They know what can be purchased dearly, cheaply.

Gather their smiles and tears before they go
To cast themselves upon the distant shore.
Learn from them how life's waters ebb and flow,
How its runnels sing and how its torrents roar.
HELENE MULLINS

BOOKS

MAYA CULTURE IN TROPIC FORESTS

GUATEMALA. By Erna Fergusson. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., \$3

TOWN and country life in the Central American republics are drawn in a series of vivid pictures. With eyes and ears open and with a ready pen Miss Fergusson journeyed leisurely to all the principal points, coming into intimate contact with the natural beauties and with the mixed population. Under her guidance we see the threatening volcanoes that have wrought havoc in the past, the rich vegetation and animal life of field and forest, the carefully tended coffee and banana plantations, the colorful fiestas with a hint of latent paganism under the Catholic ceremonies and the strange social order where Spanish culture rests upon the uncertain foundation of Indian stolidity and inertia. The distant past is revived in the recently discovered ruins of Maya splendor that flourished when the Rome of the Caesars was just beginning to crumble, and then vanished mysteriously to leave its massive temples to be buried for centuries under dense tropical growths. Cleverly woven into the descriptions of present conditions are sketches of the history of the country from the time when Cortez sent his general, Don Pedro de Alvarado, to conquer the Indians down to the turbulent anti-religious republic which after many a bloody revolution has settled down to the benevolent despotism of President Ubico.

There is a sincere effort to understand and present objectively the political, economic and social problems in a republic where the Spanish minority keeps the bulk of the population as hewers of wood and drawers of water, and where a fraction, it would seem, of this minority holds the reins of government and puts a ban on the religious liberty of a nation overwhelmingly Catholic. Democracy, as we understand it, would seem to be impossible since no Spaniard would think of regarding the Indians as equals, but there is some hope that with the passing of the period of violent revolutions the saner element may work toward honest and stable government, representative of the lawful aspirations of the citizens.

WILLIAM A. DOWD

UNCLE SAM WENT TO MARKET

AMERICA'S EXPERIENCE AS A CREDITOR NATION. By J. T. Madden, and Others. Prentice-Hall, Inc. \$3.50

IT is sometimes assumed that this country entered the field of foreign lending during the World War. However, long before that, American capital was being invested abroad. Even from colonial times Yankee merchants carried on trade with Central America and the West Indies. Banana plantations in the tropics as well as subways in London, the Boer War and the Russo-Japanese War all thrived because of America's lending.

America, however, remained always a debtor country until the World War. Then with the processes of production disrupted in Europe and the demand for war materials, the United States became one of the world's greatest creditor nations. But it was the post-war lending—the most remarkable period of foreign lending in the history of the world—that left Uncle Sam with the world owing him twenty-two billions.

This book offers an interesting and scientific study of

the economic and financial relations of the United States with the borrowing nations of the world.

However, the authors lapse from their scientific objectivity in discussing the war debts of the defaulting nations. They seem too sure that the Johnson Act is useless. They say: "Thus far the Johnson Act has not caused a single country to resume war-debt payments." We wonder if it has not thus far prevented some defaulting countries from further borrowing. The authors continue: "It remains on the statute books merely as an expression of the resentment in Congress over the failure of foreign governments to honor their obligations to this country." Even if this were true, it seems that an expression of resentment may sometimes be just and successful. We are told moreover: "Many of the governments to which the Johnson Act applies do not have the requisite credit standing to borrow in the American market and those who do have, are not in need of new American loans." Which are these defaulting nations that are not in need of new American loans? Is it England that just now needs almost eight billion dollars more for war purposes? or France? or Germany?

The suggestion that some of the foreign nations might settle their war debts in part by cession of colonial possessions, for instance, that England might cede the island of Jamaica, is rejected absolutely and with finality as "not worthy of consideration." And the first reason offered is because "human beings should never be traded like cattle." It is hard to see how the ceding of Jamaica to the United States would be treating human beings like cattle.

CORNELIUS DEENEY

A MIRROR OF THE YEAR

IN 1936. By Alvin C. Eurich and Elmo C. Wilson. Henry Holt and Co. \$2.50

FOR the past two years, a semi-annual questionnaire on contemporary events has been a feature of *Time*. Now the two members of the University of Minnesota faculty who originated this popular quiz have written their own concise, factual survey of the last twelve months. With ability for topical handling, the authors sum up the series of stirring issues which made of 1936 an exceedingly eventful year. Facts, for the most part, are presented at their face value with little editorializing. *In 1936* is not, however, a bald chronicle of events. Each topic discussed is treated in the light of its background with sufficient explanation to produce a well-rounded narrative. The account of TVA, for example, is not a mere cold record of accomplishment, but contains, as well, an interesting description of life, labor and recreation in the new model towns of the Tennessee Valley. Indeed, all the policies of the New Deal receive thorough and admiring treatment, and this constitutes perhaps the authors' most important contribution.

The second part of the book is devoted to the international scene. As the authors state in the preface, their principal sources have been daily and weekly news organs; hence there is little in this part of the book that is new to a thoughtful reader of such publications. The chapters on the Spanish civil war and Russia's "movement toward democracy" are not altogether satisfactory, though quite in the tradition of the American press. The "Biggest Story of the Year," with Edward's subsequent march into exile is rehashed again, while such unpretentious accomplishments as Salazar's "modern miracle" in Portugal, or the progress of the cooperative move-

ment in the Scandinavian countries do not merit even passing mention.

Returning home again, to surer ground, the surveys on education, science, literature and the arts are admirable summaries which well portray the modern trends in these fields. Although necessarily treating some topics long since become trite, *In 1936* provides a complete summary of world-doings of the past year and will serve as a source of ready reference. JAMES E. O'BRIEN

BOOKS IN BRIEFER REVIEW

LIBERTY—ITS USE AND ABUSE—VOL. II. By Ignatius W. Cox, S.J., Ph.D. Fordham University Press. \$2.50

THIS volume of applications of the ethical principles, contained in the first volume, to personal, social and international relations is to be recommended to all zealous for the readjustment of the social order. It is a lucid exposition and reasonable defense of the principles which must direct human conduct, if license is to be checked and true liberty to find free expression in social life. The sound conclusions of Scholastic Ethics based on human nature and refined and revised by such eminent authorities as Brosnahan, Lamb, Macksey, Donat and Nivard are applied to the social issues challenging the current mind.

The presentation reveals both the clear, orderly mind of an experienced professor and the direct expression of a man frequently called to address the people. While the entire subject matter of Applied Ethics is exposed, there is notable emphasis placed upon the rejection of Eugenic Sterilization, Abortion and Contraception. The discussion of Communism as well as the insistence upon the Family Wage and Collective Bargaining give evidence that the volume belongs to 1937. The Appendix contains an exposition of the natural principles of social justice according to the two great manifestoes of Leo XIII and Pius XI.

These two volumes will prove most serviceable for the classroom, for study clubs and for all professionally or humanly interested in the proper adjustment of the social order and the establishment of Social Justice.

MANAGING PERSONAL FINANCES. By David F. Jordan. Prentice-Hall, Inc. \$3

IN matters financial, ignorance is no asset. And yet, death often shifts responsibility to the widow who is found unprepared. Seek advice she must, but a book like that of David F. Jordan will be a splendid first investment. To some the book may seem too simple, but this is its chief merit. Containing information and advice about investments, stocks, bonds, mortgages, installment buying, safe-deposit boxes, etc., it is singularly free from unnecessary theory and erudition. Vague advice is no advice. To avoid this fault the author constantly lists at the end of chapters the advantages and the disadvantages of such things as budgets, checking and charge accounts, annuities, life insurance, etc. A Jesuit scanning such lists would recognize a method of the Spiritual Exercises of Saint Ignatius wisely transferred to the business of this world. A man's philosophy of spending depends on his philosophy of life. The book's first chapter cannot squarely face this difficulty, but by advocating a sort of via media between excessive thrift and spend-thrift methods the author gives much sane advice. Especially clear is the formula for buying stocks during depression and bonds during prosperity.

THE PROPHET CHILD. By Gwendolen Plunket Greene. E. P. Dutton and Co. \$1.75

GWENDOLEN PLUNKET GREENE, niece of Baron von Hügel, is another of the many Catholic writers today who plead for a fuller faith, one which sees God in beautiful things and loves His creation. The book quite naively

takes as its point of departure the ideal child, clear-visioned, a realist yet a baptised idealist, who is such a refreshing person in our average world. The city child is prey to all the sour effects of big industry, but the author seems to fail to see that these surroundings are the raw-stuff for the imagination and little creations of the child as much as the trees and flowers and sparkling snows of the country. But there is no denying that the city child more inevitably than the country child loses its birthright and becomes the materialistic, skeptical man of tomorrow. Each of these perversions of human nature is shrewdly portrayed in its causes and effects.

Then comes the solution. Back to the readiness in faith, the essential goodness and innocence of the child! Unfortunately, however, the latter half of the book seems to lack constructive thought, and though we are exhorted to suffer the crosses God sends, as one great means of sanctification, the startling self afflictions of the saints are used, it seems, as foils to set off this more beneficial way of suffering. The challenge to heroism which the author sends to the man in the streets, also loses force by the way she slights (maybe unintentionally) Religious Orders,—described as often selfish and unapostolic and as a refuge from struggle. It is almost mauling the obvious to remark that the peace Religious win is usually at the cost of the greatest struggle. The author seems to forget this.

The style is natural, colorful and fresh, but too diffuse and redundant to avoid vagueness. The plan of the book is most difficult to follow. There are a few triumphs, however, for example the eloquent praise of the mutual help and charity in the Church, and, at the very end of the book, the inspired pictures of the peace the Holy Ghost breathes into the soul.

THE STREET OF THE FISHING CAT. By Jolan Foldes. Translated from the Hungarian by Elizabeth Jacobi. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50

SHORT as a rabbit's tail, and very little wider is the Street of the Fishing Cat in Paris, jutting onto the Seine near Notre Dame. Actually it measured two paces wide and thirty long, with space for just four houses on each side. Because the rents were low and the neighborhood respectable, exiles and refugees from every quarter of war-sick Europe found a haven there in the 1920's. Like shipwrecked survivors flung by the waves onto a desert isle, without friends or money or a knowledge of the language, physical proximity and hunger for human friendship broke down the walls of nationalism and made of the Street a remarkable International colony.

Chief characters of the book are Papa Barabas, a Hungarian furrier, with his wife and four children, Liiv, a Lithuanian professor and Socialist, Bardichonov, a Russian banker, Alvarez, a Spanish anarchist, and Pia Monica, daughter of an Italian aristocrat. So skillfully has the authoress shaded in her picture only the fine human qualities of each, that sympathy for their sufferings and admiration for their heroism are wrung from the reader early in the book. National and political questions are touched only lightly. It is preeminently a story of human interests, of life and death, of joy and sorrow, of romance and the prosaic struggle to find work.

The complete unselfishness of every character in the book is remarkable, and perhaps improbable. For strangely, there is not a word to suggest that religion or God is the inspiration of their virtues. The dialog is cleverly handled, natural always and vividly individualistic. The book is the winning novel of an international contest conducted by the publishers, and was awarded the grand prize.

ACCORDION PLEATED HOUSE. By Sara C. Potts. Dorrance and Co. \$2

THIS girlish tale of loves, affections, petty dislike, in which mostly agreeable and some disagreeable folk all fit into a house in the deep South, will delight and wholesomely entertain late teen girl-readers. They will love its mingled adventure and romance. There is no plot to speak of; the vivacious author, while stamping her own

ideals and enthusiasms all over her puppets, uses but does not bother much about technique. Her story is the thing and the people who make it move right along. There are some too marvelous transformations of character, but the author is in a great hurry—in such a hurry as to be betrayed by haste into many incoherent sentences and pretty untidy writing. With greater care in her next book she should furnish her impressionable readers with English as good as the entertainment.

WINGS OF LEAD. By Monica Selwin-Tait. Ave Maria Press. \$1.50

THE title scarcely suggests it, but this is a love romance by one of the best known Catholic writers of fiction. It is quite up to the modern style, but without the sophisticated slush that is supposed to be the true note of modernity. There is a moral in this novel, but the author does not thrust it too obviously upon her readers.

BREAD INTO ROSES. By Kathleen Norris. Doubleday, Doran. \$2

MRS. NORRIS is a skilful story teller, and for that reason her latest novel is far more interesting and readable than a mere summary would indicate. She has a great deal to say about the evils of divorce, with which Catholics will agree, but the incident resembling a *generous suicide* in order to clear the stage for a felicitous conclusion might be open to question.

WINDOW IN HEAVEN. By Margaret Bell Houston. Appleton-Century. \$2

MARGARET HOUSTON may be diminutive in size but she is no pigmy when she undertakes to tell a story. She knows her Texas and describes it as only one who appreciates its beauties can. Readers of this charming romance will be delighted with her Eden Merhew and Bruce Hardie.

THE EMOTIONAL JOURNEY. By W. B. Maxwell. Appleton-Century. \$2.50

ONE wonders why anyone would write such a tiresome novel about worn-out characters in a commonplace plot until he learns the reason from the author himself. "The public . . . don't like realism in fiction. . . . They like old faces and old jokes." Exasperating repetition of thoughts in a different set of words mars the book's effectiveness. The most annoying part is not the plot, characters or style, but a kind of pseudo-preaching which Mr. Maxwell throws in at every opportunity.

AN ATLAS OF EMPIRE. By J. F. Horrabin. Knopf. \$1.50
SEVENTY maps, with brief descriptive and statistical text to each, go to the making of this book, telling all that is to be known about present day colonial expansion. Invaluable to the general reader who is perhaps puzzled by his daily news, and wishes to know what is involved in the imperialistic setup, and which colonies are whose and why.

HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO DECLARE? By Maurice Baring. Knopf. \$2.75

THIS is a very intriguing miscellany of prose and verse from Mr. Baring's reading of a lifetime. The kind of book that one starts reading and finds almost impossible to lay aside. The classical and modern languages are drawn upon, with Mr. Baring's translations so gracefully and deftly made, that the reader is hard put which most to admire—the original or the translation. A book to be read rather than to be talked about, and certainly to be numbered among the few worthwhile bedside books.

BEAVER PIONEERS. By Wendell and Lucie Chapman. Scribners. \$2

NOT about stern, bearded Mormons, as the frivolous-minded might suppose, but a handsomely illustrated story of wild life in the Rocky Mountains. Marvelous photographs of beavers at work, and of many other shy creatures of the wild.

ART

SEVERAL times in the past I have had occasion to call attention to the general principle that every artistic medium has its own proper form of expression which is dictated by the physical limitations and requirements of the medium itself. It is only in the cases of a very limited number of media that the artist may undertake to "copy" nature. Indeed, even in these few exceptional instances the whole conception of "copying" nature is one of doubtful value, but at least it may be admitted as a possibility. In most of the arts it is out of the question.

Of nothing is this so true as it is of the art of stained glass, and the publication last week of Mr. Charles J. Connick's monumental volume on this subject, which he calls *Adventures in Light and Color*, is an excellent excuse for discussing at some slight length a medium, which perhaps more than any other requires the artist to lend himself to its physical character.

Very few people realize the peculiar properties of light coming through colored glass. I suppose that at first blush most people would think that the making of stained glass windows presents much the same problems as the making of a picture. On a canvas or panel an artist may paint various colors in close juxtaposition to each other without much fear of the consequence, except in certain clearly defined and well-known combinations. In glass nothing of the kind is possible. The tendency of light coming through blue glass to spread outside the physical area of the glass itself, the tendency of light through clear glass to "eat into" surrounding dark lines, the tendency of light coming through red glass to produce sparkling effects—all of these tendencies being based upon the use not of absolutely smooth and clear glass but of striated, bubbly glass—here are some of the fundamental problems which the artist in painted and stained glass must always face. Furthermore, he must face constant variations in the intensity and nature of his light source. His ideal will be to produce a window which looks well in all lights, and yet this ideal is incredibly difficult to achieve.

Mr. Connick was one of the first craftsmen in this country to see the necessity of departing from the old technique of the "art glass" window in the direction of what our ancestors did in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. He has devoted a life time to the study of the subject and he, together with his able associates in Boston, has produced a truly extraordinary quantity of work in this medium. He is a man of unbounded energy and enthusiasm, and these two admirable characteristics are perhaps the only reason why his book falls in a certain degree. His failures, however, are so unimportant in comparison to what he has done in his book that they may be discounted almost entirely. His book marks a milestone on the way toward a popular understanding of the glass man's purposes and difficulties. Any one interested in this form of art, either from the point of view of present execution or from the point of view of the appreciation of past glories should make it a point to consult Mr. Connick's work. Nothing of the sort exists in English or perhaps in any other language.

Most of us have at one time or other heard the stained glass of the Middle Ages described as a "lost art." Those who still labor under this delusion will find that Mr. Connick has completely dissipated it, at least in the technical sense. We can and do produce today glass of substantially the same quality and color, and we know how the craftsmen of the Middle Ages achieved their effects. In no physical sense is the art of stained glass a lost one. It is true that it was forgotten for a number of generations, but the "secrets" lay ready for the discovery of any one sufficiently interested to devote time and study to their elucidation. HARRY LORIN BINSSE

FILMS

SEA DEVILS. There is a great deal of action in this melodrama of the Coast Guard and not all of it is expended on patrolling the dangerous waters off New London. It is a rough and tumble affair with an extremely realistic fight recalling the classic scuffle of "The Spoilers." When Coast Guardsman O'Shea falls in love with his daughter, "Medals" Malone frowns on the match, evidently considering the prospective son-in-law too like himself. The matter leads to fisticuffs in the course of duty and both men are taken off the patrol. But this technicality does not prevent their joining in the rescue of the survivors of a yacht disaster. They do the work of a whole crew and are finally reconciled when "Medals" sacrifices his life to send O'Shea back to shore and eventual matrimony. Victor McLaglen and Preston Foster contribute robust portrayals in the spirit of the general action and Ida Lupino and Donald Woods are more than adequate in supporting roles. In spite of its rough content, the film lays a wholesome emphasis on the courage and self-sacrifice of the Coast Patrol and will provide very good family entertainment for all but the excessively squeamish. (RKO)

LOVE IS NEWS. This film is based on the original notion that when a newspaper reporter is publicized by an heiress, that's news. It is this reversal of the ancient newspaper story formula which sets the picture off at a highly amusing gait. That it maintains this pace throughout is due to bright, crisp dialogue and facile direction. An heiress who has been tricked into giving a reporter a scoop interview resolves also to give him a taste of his unpalatable medicine by announcing her engagement to him. Immediately he is exposed to the cannibalistic curiosity of his colleagues and begins to realize the disadvantages of living in scare headlines. Heiress and newshawk effect a temporary truce by way of marriage. The characterization by Loretta Young is vivaciously charming and Tyrone Power plays opposite her with engaging humor. The versatile Don Ameche is excellent as a typically suspicious editor. It is recommended for the diverse tastes of the family as a better than average comedy. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

MIDNIGHT COURT. The sordid parade which makes the Night Court of any large city at once a stage for farce, melodrama and high tragedy passes through this interesting film on its way to redemption or oblivion. With a decent amount of detachment, the types who manage and the types who make necessary this department of the law are exposed to view, some in the round, others in cross-sections. There is an edged moral in the background itself more noticeable than in the rather sentimentalized plot. A brilliant lawyer is led by political abuse into the paths of dereliction and comes within the dingy shadow of the very night court where his ex-wife is clerk. Her attempts to reclaim him are offset by his usefulness to gangster companions but a surprise ending brings about the general roundup of his clientele and his own reformation. It is an adult film with social interest to heighten its melodramatic appeal. (Warner)

PARADISE EXPRESS. Transportation wages its own little civil war in this excellent film of small pretension. The attempt of a trucking company to usurp the contracts of a freight railroad is made uncommonly entertaining by the worthy cast and the swiftly-paced direction. Grant Withers, Dorothy Appleby and Arthur Hoyt are prominently involved as the young and enterprising railroad receiver outwits the racketeering truckmen and marries the president's daughter. It is brisk amusement for the entire family. (Republic)

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

EVENTS

LIFE in the U.S.A. dragged on normally. . . . The vogue for larger prison populations continued. New York State jails bulged with the greatest number of convicts in the State's history. Further gains were looked for. . . . As safety campaigns grew more numerous, the number of pedestrians knocked over by automobiles grew more numerous. . . . Rearmament was in the air. Great Britain announced billions for munitions. U.S. dealers reported business brisk with the gunmen trade, as American gorillas increased their rearmament budget. . . . In the realm of athletics, an Ontario man won the rocking-chair championship. He rocked ceaselessly fifty-five hours, wore out two chairs, got the world crown. . . . The pancake-eating championship went to a young American, hitherto unknown among devotees of this sport. . . . Crime developed new forms of technique. . . . Families in Vienna received theatre tickets free with a letter signed: "From a good friend." Returning from the theatre, they found their homes had been burglarized by the unknown "friend." . . . In Liverpool, England, an enterprising individual lifted a suit off the rack outside a pawnshop, carried it inside, pawned it. . . . The deep love engendered by the family hearth was illustrated. An Eastern man has never been more than a block away from home except once. At that time he ventured two blocks away. Reports revealed he is making arrangements for a trip to the other end of town on his golden wedding anniversary next month. . . . Additional proof that kind hearts are more than coronets came in. A Midwest lady left \$250 to an orphaned cat. . . . Drastic menu changes were forecast. The Chicago Hors D'Oeuvres Reform Committee offered a reward for a short American word to replace *hors d'oeuvres*. *Hors d'oeuvres* causes stammering, slows up restaurant service, the Committee claims. . . . Insurance of shattered domestic harmony turned up. A minister sued for divorce because his wife snoozed during his sermons. . . . A Southern State introduced legal measures to curb husband-beaters. . . .

Dips from Life: A Long Island youth stole an automobile last December. The judge let him go. Last week the youth stole another car, received a suspended sentence. Two days later, he stole one more auto. . . . In Africa, a Chief noticed one of his golden crowns missing. His two sons admitted the theft. There was no suspended sentence (Africa is not yet completely civilized). The two sons went to jail. . . . A Spanish Nationalist hid in an empty coffin in Malaga cemetery. For two months he heard each night the screams of Rightists being executed in the graveyard by the Reds. When rescued by Franco, the refugee's black hair had turned completely white. . . . A South American mountain is to be called the Adolphe Menjou Mountain. Soon children will learn from their geographies of the Garbo River, the Pat O'Brien Plateau, the Marx Bros. Canyon.

A newspaper ran letters by people who signed themselves Catholic. Some of the letters complain because all the Popes are Italian. If these objectors knew their history, they would be glad that the Popes are Italian. How any one can grumble when Italy is furnishing men like Pius IX, Leo XIII, Pius X, Benedict XV and the reigning Pontiff (one of the very great Popes of history), is difficult to understand. . . . While Mexican Bishops are being kicked out of their dioceses; Mexican priests murdered; churches closed; Masses forbidden; Catholic children forced into atheistic classrooms, the New York Times, carrying the slogan, *All the News That's Fit to Print*, publishes in its magazine section an article designed to create the impression there is complete freedom of worship in Mexico. THE PARADER